THE FORUM
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RELIGIOUS DEMOCRACY

LINCOLN COLCORD

I

EDWARD LEWIS, in a paper * which recently appeared in one of our most influential periodicals, puts a case the main argument of which would be hard to controvert. The article strikes me so forcibly, it illuminates so clearly one of my firmest convictions, that I cannot refrain from stating my sole issue with Mr. Lewis. Only the word which excites us deeply, brings out the right spirit of argumentation. We long to talk with that man, without loss of time. And what we long to say is not praise, or gratitude, or any pleasant harmony, for these are merely the insignificant nothings of good manners; but what we really long to speak of is our disagreement. To cavil or blackguard is not to criticize. These touch the nature of intolerance, and block the path of understanding; they have already thrown out the whole because they cannot take the part. But him we love we criticize severely; the main body of him has entered into us; and the part we cannot take is the very part which interests us most of all.

At the opening of one of his last paragraphs, after having demonstrated, to the satisfaction of the candid mind, that the Church has no place for freedom of thought and that present conditions in the professional ministry tend only to stultify this quality in a man, Mr. Lewis says: "It may be admitted that the (Church) organization is necessary." He then goes on to outline a scheme wherein there would be the regular Church insti-

* The Professional Ministry, by Edward Lewis, in the *Atlantic Monthly* for November, 1915.

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tution, "conducted with business acumen, professional skill, and by trained expert men"; and all to be served spontaneously and intermittently, in a preaching capacity, by an itinerant prophet, a Man of God. I must quote freely from this paragraph, in order that there may be no question of a confounding of terms. "Let the Church get its organizer; let him be called pastor, minister, secretary, superintendent, overseer (bishop), or whatever title is most suitable; let him be the professional man. . . . But the Man of God must be outside the organization. . . . Let him issue out of the wilderness, and come to the people, gathered to meet him, with all the freshness, power, eternity of the wilderness upon him. It does not require much imagination to overhear a busy, careworn, weary, world-entangled people saying to each other in anticipation of such an assemblage of themselves together, 'The Man of God will be with us'; and they will say it with a strange throbbing expectation in the heart and a lighting up of the eyes. . . ."

Before we go farther, it may be well to remark that there is a bare possibility that the paragraph in question was written in subtlest irony, to disclose the impracticability of the only alternative save decay which confronts the Church organization to-day. Reading the words over carefully, I sometimes think that I detect such a tone, a note of the most delicate sarcasm. Mr. Lewis does not hesitate, in the very next paragraph, to lay down the plain alternative: "Then you had better get the chalk, and write 'Ichabod.'" And yet, I am not sure. His tense is wrong for irony. He says, "Let there be this and that. . . . Let the Man of God do thus and so." Is it a command?—one wonders. But when he comes to this: "It does not require much imagination to overhear a busy, careworn, weary, world-entangled people saying to each other, 'The Man of God will be with us'"—then, I think, he has pretty definitely taken his stand, and we may consider ourselves at liberty to attack him there. If this is irony, it is altogether too well concealed.

For I submit that it requires a great deal of imagination—far more than I can muster—to overhear any such sentiment as Mr. Lewis has put upon the lips of his people. Or rather, using the word in another and baser sense, it may be only

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imagination which could possibly overhear such a declaration. In view of the situation as laid down, and with a practical knowledge of human nature, I think that "a busy, careworn, weary, world-entangled people" would be much more likely to cry out those other words previously quoted by Mr. Lewis: "Come, let us kill him!" And I think that the "strange throbbing expectation in the heart" would more likely be an impulse of virtuous indignation than of joy; and that the "lighting up of the eyes" would spring from hate rather than from love.

Strictly speaking, is it possible for a financial institution to harbor the Man of God in any form? That is to say, is it possible for a people who support and who require such an organization, to demand at the same time, or to brook, the Man of God? In plain words, can the true and outright God be heard in a house that costs money, any more than He can be preached for pay? I think not; I think that this is literally what Christ preached; and I think that anything short of this absolute declaration is in greater or less degree a compromise.

II

The Church institution is not a sentient being; it has no volition, no substance, no intrinsic state. It is merely the sum of the volitions and intrinsic states of the people who support and form it; and it very clearly reflects the thoughts, opinions, sentiments, beliefs, even the instinctive impulses, of these people. If, then, we define the Church, we are defining the people; the Church is, in this sense, a symbol of the living forces centred within it. If the Church is bigoted, it means that the people are bigoted; if the Church is liberal, it means that the people are liberal. And if the Church is worldly, it means that the people are worldly. The Church may not in the slightest degree be separated in thought from the people. In the fullest and most literal sense, it *is* the people; and does not exist except as a convenient figure whereby to express the elements of life and human nature.

Now, Mr. Lewis has stated in no unequivocal language the

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defects and wrong tendencies of the present-day Church organization. This organization, an outgrowth of a financial exigency, must be successful at almost any cost. In the pursuit of material success, it crushes out the impulses of the prophetic spirit in its ministry. It is content to be a palliative rather than a creative and reconstructive force. It dares not offend that majority-tendency in human society upon which its life mainly depends. To this end, it sacrifices what is always the easiest thing to sacrifice, the spirit; regardless of the fact that the spirit is its sole ostensible stand. It has raised up its own close convention, to which it demands the strictest adherence on the part of servants and followers. Like all of man's conventions, this one is the sworn enemy of freedom of initiative, in thought or in action. For the conventions well recognize, and put down as their first tenet, the truth that freedom is dangerous to them. Their opposition goes even farther; in point of fact, it was in antagonism to freedom that the conventions had their birth. Thus the conventions have faithfully denied their true poets, and the Church has religiously stoned its true prophets—to assimilate them grudgingly, in as slight a degree as proved possible, when it became plain that the people were swinging their way. And thus it is that the Christian Church, the financial institution founded in the name of Christ crucified, has never followed Christ's outright teachings (since it could not, in the inherent terms of the case); and that it has latterly become (if, indeed, it has not always been), the identical institution which Christ came to preach against—the real stronghold of materialism, the organization of the Pharisees.

I have been speaking of the Church in the common symbolical sense, using it as a concrete representation of a multitude of individual life-forces. Both thought and phraseology fall naturally into the beaten path; but nevertheless, it is this habit of personifying the Church, of thinking of it as something which plans, proposes, acts, instigates, compromises, and as a living entity which claims our loyalty or even our belief, that has led to a large share of the bitterness of religious controversies. There are many sincere people who not only will take violent exception to my statements regarding the Church, but who also will feel deeply wounded by them, as if I had been guilty of sacrilege,

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and had defiled the tangible person of God. Let me repeat, the Church seems to me nothing but a symbol; and it is in this attitude that I would have my words judged. Even as a symbol, the Church represents wholly human affairs. It represents man's idea of God, which may or may not be godly. Put into literal phraseology, the gist of my previous statement would run something as follows: The great majority of people are conventional; they demand an organization for the protection of their conventions; it happens that the following of a certain outright and uncompromising idealist grows enormously, endangering the very foundations of the established order, of the conventions of materialism; it therefore becomes necessary for the dwindling majority to institute an organization in this man's name, holding his followers and directing them in proper channels, and gradually modifying his teachings so that the conventions shall remain unharmed and essentially unchanged; from all of which it naturally comes about (in fact, it could not very well be otherwise) that this organization, whose main purpose is to fit the idealist's words to the majority-tendency instead of outrightly to fulfil the idealist's plain words, is exactly the organization which the idealist preached against. But this is nothing but an indictment of man's majority-tendency—the very indictment which the idealist in question brought; the name of God has not entered into the discussion.

However it may appear to him, Mr. Lewis is very definitely preaching against the whole spirit of pharisaism and conventionality which seeks protection in organization, and makes of organization an instrument wherewith to perpetuate its own type and design. We all know what it is; and it is unquestionably the spirit which rules the world. It is the majority-spirit in church, in state, in business, in society, in all of the intricate affairs of civilization. Nationalism is its greatest and noblest manifestation; efficiency is its modern shibboleth; trade is its fountain head; money is its sole medium. It is a spirit altogether of material, of the body and the things of the body, of the world and the things of the world. It is the only spirit which gains a hearing; for none but organization-thoughts are tolerated by an organized world. It is the most far-reaching, subtle influence

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in human life. It is the influence which educates the young. The opposition is negligible, and totally disorganized; a cry in the night, that passes over. No true spiritual movement has ever had an organization.

A cry in the night, that passes over; but, mark well, it shall return out of the sky, to be caught up by the multitude, to shake and change the world. For here we touch what is perhaps the most remarkable lesson of human endeavor. While we have all faith that the spiritual state of man advances, and that the world is better than it was two thousand years ago; and while it is true that throughout this period the spirit of organization and conventions of material have ruled mankind; yet it is plainly to be seen, in wonder and thanksgiving, that every item of man's true progress and every benefit that has ultimately reached humanity, has had its origin with the disorganizers. This is the simple explanation of an apparently vital discrepancy. It explains, as well, the appalling slowness of man's spiritual progress; the dead load of organization has weighed upon him at every step. The disorganizer is the idealist; the organizer is the materialist. The disorganizer is the leader; the organizer is the follower—after it has been proven safe to follow, or after no other way remains. The disorganizer is the very small minority, the organizer the vast majority; and yet the disorganizer has lifted up the world against its will. This is the power of true ideas.

It may be argued here that organization has been necessary to accomplish results, and that without organization all the truth of the disorganizers would have been lost to the world. The very results disprove the claim. Results are not necessary. What are results but triumphs of organization? If the work of organization in saving Christ's truth has been to change it to fit the majority-tendency, then Christ's truth has been lost to the world, instead of saved, through the organization. You cannot prove how fully Christ's truth would have lived without the organization. The main result that any organization is bent upon, is to perpetuate itself; the truth is incidental. We know what hundreds of outright disorganizers have proposed; and we know how little of this the spirit of organization has per-

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mitted to slip through. Is it reasonable to suppose that a great deal more of it would not have been realized by a world of free-thinkers? The world is not a world of free-thinkers, is the answer. Very true; but we are trying to make it one. This is the proposition we originally started with. You are personifying the organization again; you are thinking of separating it from the people, of taking it away from them. But no one wants to do away with organization in a world where the spirit of organization remains among men. It is the spirit of organization itself that we want to do away with. The other would be chaos indeed; precisely the chaos that you are thinking of. You have not visualized an actual free-thinking world.

III

In view of the foregoing analysis, is not the ideal scheme proposed by Mr. Lewis a fundamental contradiction of human terms? He dreams of a people on the one hand purely spiritual, ready to hear the Man of God; and on the other hand firmly materialistic, demanding an efficient organization. But would not the first thing which the Man of God preached against, when he came in from the wilderness, be the organization? Could he rest until he had spoken his mind?—can the war between truth and compromise, freedom and organization, ever cease, until one or the other of them has passed away? It is inherent in their two separate natures, like the antagonism of water and fire. Is not the organization as it stands exactly what a "busy, careworn, weary, world-entangled people" want? They have been perfectly free for a long time to develop it; they have had generations of religious tolerance, of scientific education, of opportunity such as the world never saw before. The modern Church organization is the result; in which the organization has triumphed over the faith, the material over the spiritual. It quiets and soothes them, gives them complacence in their works, and softens all uncomfortable analogies. It is a shield against the keenest thrusts of truth; a new way out for them who otherwise must stand and draw. Its message is, "Conform."

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Is it not definitely from all this that the Man of God would issue from the wilderness to turn the people, as Christ came long ago? Would not his suffering himself to become in the least degree a working part of the organization be a compromise, a denial of his Godhead? And would not the people who at the same time welcomed the Man of God and supported the organization, be nothing but an assemblage of hypocrites? For how could they listen to the one, and go on with the other? Either the spirit or the flesh must be paramount, in nations, races, individuals; in this design, there is no middle ground. Ye cannot serve God and Mammon.

Mr. Lewis would have men think for themselves; and yet he would have them organize. But the organizer, the conventionalist, the "busy, careworn, weary, world-entangled" man, emphatically does not want to think for himself; and this is precisely how the Church acquires its power. It does his thinking for him; and if the word is carefully tempered and considered, he is glad to pay. The whole point of the matter is that he need not be busy, or careworn, or weary, or world-entangled, in the sense that Mr. Lewis has in mind; he does it all from choice, and likes it better than anything in his life. He prefers to be a unit in the majority-tendency. We are not speaking of the poor; the poor were estranged from the churches long ago, and the problem of the Church is entirely a middle-class affair. The Man of God would disturb the middle classes terribly; and since they control the organization, they would not permit such words. Men who think for themselves, act for themselves, and are eternally disorganized—they only are strong enough to hear the Man of God. To lift the people to their spiritual level, to bring the party of those who think for themselves into any great majority, would automatically do away with the spirit of organization among men.

There probably are few Men of God born into any generation; the deep spiritual struggle so graphically depicted by Mr. Lewis comes but seldom in its full intensity to man. Nevertheless, all of us have our measure of divinity; and according to that measure we have felt the same high impulses and suffered the same struggle. Particularly in the professional ministry,

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I feel that this must be so. I doubt if there may be found a single minister throughout the organization who has not, according to his lights, faced the same problem which confronts so sternly the Man of God; who has not at some time chafed under the limitations of his position, passed through his period of rebellion, come at last to see the inevitableness of the situation, and arranged between himself and God his measure of spiritual compromise. What is this but plainly to admit, however faithfully we may conceal the admission, however far we may relegate it into the background of consciousness, that the Church is a force antagonistic to free truth; that the organization, in the last analysis, is nothing but the world? This brings us directly to the layman's problem, and makes the minister and the layman brothers in misfortune. For it is with this force called " the world " that the layman sooner or later makes his compromise; he lays aside his youthful dreams, learns the hard lesson of human selfishness and unfriendliness, and finds that he must look out for himself first of all. To this end, true ideals and outright Christianity must be laid aside. Only the Man of God, be he minister or layman, dares to hold his dreams entire, and refuses to make the compromise. The price in life-pain is incalculable, but it must be paid. And the sad part of it is that the world, like the Church, is not an entity, has no intrinsic power—is just a symbol of the majority-tendency, and need not be at all as it stands.

I cannot but feel that throughout his idea for the union of the Man of God with the organization, Mr. Lewis unconsciously is making a concession to his own past training. One can understand how it is with him. He has been in the ministry; he broke with the Church under pressure of the profoundest convictions, and with, we may know, the sorest travail of the spirit. He began to preach against the organization which had oppressed him. But against the idea itself of all Church organization he is not ready to preach. The habits of life and thought are strong; the present and tangible benefits to the people flowing out of the Church organization cannot fail to be a predominant factor with one who has lived in the ministry; and even though Mr. Lewis has turned against present-day tendencies of the

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Church, he is not yet willing to throw the whole Church overboard. I think I am right in feeling that even if the Church were to fail still farther, and even if it were to sink into utter decay, his idea for the salvation of the world would still be some newer and better organization, some truer institution of Church authority; founded on purer and braver ideals, and fulfilling a more vital need, but nevertheless an organization and an authority. The chalk may write "Ichabod"; but the dead Church is to be born again.

We feel that there must be the need of a Church organization. But after all, why? Mainly because we always have had one. A man's spiritual truth stands, as it ever has stood, outside the Church, between himself and God. The Church may bind him in allegiance to itself; but his true allegiance to God is another matter. The Church may claim his words; but words are not significant. Acts, even, are not always significant; we may not know the circumstances. Only thoughts and intentions are significant; and these are beyond the reach of any organization. My friends sometimes ask me why I do not go to church. I answer that I have as good reasons for staying away as they have for going. For me, of course, they are better reasons. And they are much the same reasons, when you come down to it. I stay away from church out of religious conviction. I do not go to their church in order that I may go to mine. I go to church in the woods. I like God in His natural element, where He grows in the pine trees, where He springs eternal out of the ground. My church is not involved with money matters, and returns me nothing but my faith. It offers me no irrelevant reasons for attending, and I do not go there except to worship. It puts no burden upon my sincerity. It casts no shadow between me and the living God. And more than all of these, it leaves me free.

And when my friends finally ask, as they always do: "But don't you think a community needs a church?" I answer boldly, "No." It ultimately comes to that; the plain question had better be faced at once. The Church, like any organization, is a force for half-truth; and until half-truth is done away with, the whole

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truth shall not appear. My friends instance immediately the case of the community that has no church, claiming that it is always a degenerate community. And so it is: a degenerate community in an organization-world. But I am thinking of a totally different set of circumstances. I am thinking of removing the church from ascendant communities. I am thinking of the world of disorganizers that is surely to come. And here we run upon an insurmountable misunderstanding. They are thinking how bad it would be to take away the churches from present-day communities, leaving the people as they are. No one can realize more fully than I do that we do not yet show ourselves true enough and brave enough to stand alone. But I think we are truer and braver than the Church would admit or have us know. I think our poor showing is mainly in the eye of the beholder. And however the case definitely may stand with us, we are changing, we are going to change. This will make all the difference. So we emerged from darkness; and so we shall go on to fuller light.

In this firm faith, I feel that the widespread revolt of our western races against the Church is a healthy movement, presaging great truth. Mankind is righter than the priests, and follows its prophets without hearing them. For the prophets are prophesying only what they have seen that man will do. I think that in due time the Church organization will pass the way of all outworn Authorities. The conventionalists will murmur, the Pharisees will cry aloud; all Churchmen, worshippers and servants of authority, will despair of humanity. A terrible thing: but they will have to trust us at last with our own souls. Who would affirm to-day that the sum-total of spiritual truth is any less among us because men no longer generally assemble under Church authorities, or poll their creeds? I look about me, and see men everywhere living nobly and well; I see them fulfilling stern duties, going unrewarded, enduring to the end. I see them passing through the thirsty period of youth, and coming to maturity; I see them learning self-control, submitting to life's discipline; I see them seeking out their God. And though I cannot prove it, I know that all is well with them.

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The world grows better day by day. But it is just because we cannot prove it on some register that you are sceptical. You want us to come forward, state our positions, and enroll ourselves under this and that Authority; then you can take a census of our souls. You hate to give up your authority; you cannot see how we will get along without it. So always thinks Authority. What have you ever known of us, beyond what we have chosen to tell? When we sat in your pews, how could you prove that our souls were there? O ye of little faith! Come down among us, and let the census go.

The world grows looser, too; materialism temporarily has run away with us. The very breaking with old authorities, the very unformed impulses of new freedom, would be bound to make it so. But frank materialism is a healthier thing than the half-truth that the Church is trying to keep alive. It promises more of godliness. It is electric, emotional, human; it may burst out at any time into a flame of spirit, into a quick transmuting fire. But half-truth will never burst out anywhere, into anything significant. It is a banked fire, keeping just alive under the ashes of organization. It is anathema to both spirit and flesh. It cannot sin, because it lacks human impulses. It cannot be roused or saved, because it is self-satisfied.

After the war, the world must show the beginnings of a great religious movement; but I think that it will not be a movement towards the Church. We may, for a while, be even more materialistic than we were before; in being better, we shall seem to be worse. This is our truth and our significance: we are learning to be free. There doubtless will be religious chaos for a while; just as there will be social and political chaos before the advent of the true Democracy of Government. But some day (maybe not too many centuries away) the true spiritual Democracy shall appear, the Democracy of Religion, wherein it shall be accepted that each man is to hold his own creed, and speak alone with God. Sovereignty over his soul shall be vested in the individual. And this is true to-day, and always has been; but the difference shall be in the acceptance of it. There shall be as many religions as there are men to worship; and Freedom

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shall be the only Established Religion, and God the only Authority.

It waits upon the day of truth and sincerity, upon the day of disorganization, upon the day of real tolerance and open love. It waits to come about with all those better things of which we dream. That way the present trends. That way the future lies. A millennial ideal, perhaps; but not, I submit, the impossible ideal that would be apprehended in a contradiction of known human terms. We undoubtedly are pretty bad; we may become universally good; but never ultimately can we be both good and bad. The destiny of man is not a compromise.

IV

I see the Man of God speaking his heart out to the people assembled in a pine grove; his word is the word of life, and his symbol is the common seed. He talks of Nature, and of God's daily miracles. And when he is done preaching, he holds the people for a moment, and says: "My friends, let there be no institution founded on this word. I beg you, leave it clean. The word is plain between us, and needs no machinery of interpretation. Permit me to mean what I say. The churches may be good, but they cannot escape themselves. When they hold out their hands for money, truth is lost. Let this pine tree be our house of worship; let the beech leaves be our collection, the birds our choristers; let the sunset be our windows, the forest our aisles, the sky our dome. Let our faith be strong enough to live in the open, and let our prophets be brave enough to dwell in the hills. All the world is a church, and every day of the week is a sacred day; and every man is a preacher, and everywhere he stands is a natural pulpit for the delivery of his word.

"Now you have heard my word: take it, or leave it, as you choose. I hamper you with no false loyalty; I leave you free, as you were born, and as you are. I would not dare apply my word to a single life besides my own. We meet God in such vastly different ways. Seek diligently. Be true, and be sincere. Another day we will hear your word, and it may overturn my best conceptions."

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IN A CITY OF IRON

JOHN VALENTE

SUNSET and the twilight hour,
Dark-winged clouds, softly descending;
The broad, luminous sky of the west.
Here on the bridge I stand, intently gazing,
While far on either side the city lies,
Vast and gray to the bounding hills,
Hushed and still in the closing dusk.
And all between, the river—winding wide,
Serene, eternal, silent;
Forgetful of the dawn,
Remembering not the day;
Flowing, flowing . . .
Far, like a dream of gold,
Still, like a song of the night:
On to the looming heights,
On to the peering stars,
On to the blue of the sea.

The twilight hour!
And the ever-speechless, gold-lit song of youth,
Bound youth!—in a city of iron.

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IN THE MORGUE

SADA COWAN

Place: In the morgue of a foreign city.

Scene: A small, almost empty room with the rear wall of glass. Before this glass black curtains are drawn. An old man . . . Caren . . . sits at a low table, well forward, sorting and arranging papers, writing from time to time. A lamp upon the table is so shaded as to concentrate the light and throws Caren's repulsive face into sharp relief. The room conveys a feeling of unfriendliness, coldness and gloom.

Caren is old; so old he is almost decrepit . . . hard, shrill and tottering. His features are sharp, his fingers are as talons. He seems almost as a vulture—perhaps from hovering too long amongst the unbeloved dead.

CAREN [*calling to some one behind the black curtains*]
What was the number of that last one?

HELPER [*putting out his head*]
Thirteen.
[*He disappears*]

CAREN [*writes and repeats*]
Thirteen. . . .

VOICES [*are heard, rough and harsh, from behind the curtains*]
Shove the stiff up! He's got more room than what's coming to him.

CAREN [*calling, without rising*]
Who is it you're moving?

VOICE
Thirteen. Any reason why he should sprawl?

CAREN
Not a bit. Shove him along.
[*The curtains part. There is a swift vision of brilliant light within and bodies laid out upon tables of ice*]

KRAIG [*a man, scarcely more than a boy, overwrought and hysterical, with his hands pressed close to his throbbing temples, bursts in*]
Oh! Oh! Let me stay here just a moment away from that horror.

CAREN [*glances up from his writing and smiles*]
You're all the same the first day.

KRAIG
Oh . . . Oh!

CAREN
That last one got you . . . eh?

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KRAIG [*bitterly*]
So young . . . so young!

CAREN
Must have been a good looker. Much as you can tell the way his face is banged up. I'll bet his own Mother wouldn't know him.

KRAIG [*turning aside*]
Don't.

CAREN [*tittering*]
He . . . he . . . he! Number thirteen . . . ! I hope he ain't superstitious.

KRAIG
He has nothing more to fear.

CAREN [*with dread*]
There's no tellin'.

KRAIG
He's dead . . . [*enviously*] . . . dead!

CAREN [*angry*]
Fool!

KRAIG [*staring through the glass at the placid figure; enviously*]
Dead!

CAREN [*exasperated*]
Bah!

KRAIG [*turns swiftly to Caren, as though tortured by a hideous thought*]
You think it was fair? He went of his own free will?

CAREN
Eh? What put that into your head?

KRAIG
No clothes . . . naked.

CAREN
A lot of them do that when they take the plunge. It ain't so easy to identify them. It saves a lot of bother, too. We stick 'em on the slabs a while and then . . .

KRAIG [*shuddering*]
Don't! It makes me cold . . . cold! [*Again he parts the curtains and looks through the glass*] He's so calm . . . so still. I wonder if he suffered first. . . . [*A pause, then with intense hatred*] I wonder if—he starved.

CAREN
That soft white kitten? Not much. Did you get a squint at his hands? He's never even tied his own tie.

KRAIG [*laughs*]
And he's here.

CAREN
Death's a great leveler, Son . . . a great leveler. [*A pause in which*

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he writes. Then he looks up at Kraig] This is a funny job for a kid like you to pick.

KRAIG [*turning away*]

I'm not as young as I look. I've got three little ones already. [*He hesitates; then with deep anguish*] And another on the way.

CAREN

It's a queer hang out for a kid like you, just the same.

KRAIG [*hysterically*]

I tell you . . . there's another on the way.

CAREN

What do you mean by that?

KRAIG

Nothing. [*A pause, then bitterly*] Oh, there's one joy down here. You can burrow and hide like a rat from it all. The damn carriages don't roll by before your eyes. The women don't . . . ! Oh, those women—how I hate them! Their silks, their jewels, their soft white skins. Fed! Clothed! Housed . . . [*clenching his fists*] while Martha starves! Oh, God! They drive by laughing . . . and I could choke them. Listen what happened. [*He comes close to Caren and speaks with little control*] Yesterday in the park I stood there . . . shivering . . . wondering. . . . And all at once a mad hate came into my heart and I felt that I could kill. [*Caren looks alarmed*] And then . . . ha . . . ha . . . ha . . . then . . . the King . . . the King drove by. [*Laughing bitterly, and with a great flourish*] And off came my hat! [*Making fun of himself*] My hat came off my head, Old Man, and I bowed and cringed [*vehemently*] with the hate in my heart. I could have torn the warm furs from his throat and wrapped my fingers in their place. [*His hands clench spasmodically*] Ugh!

CAREN [*thoroughly alarmed*]

Hush . . . hush! You mustn't talk so of our King. A nice young boy he is.

KRAIG [*paying no attention to him*]

Oh, that hate . . . that hate. Perhaps it will leave me here in the midst of the dead. [*Glancing about*] It all seems so level here . . . so different.

CAREN [*with the first faint touch of sympathy*]

You're right. Here's the one spot on earth where you get fair play. That's what I like. There ain't no rich and there ain't no poor. And there ain't no class nor nothing. Every man gets a square deal here . . . a square deal.

KRAIG

Perhaps that's worth dying for—a square deal.

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CAREN

Dying . . . bah! Wait until you've seen a few more of them slung on the slabs. You'll lose your longing for death. I'm an old man but . . .

KRAIG

If only I can see more of it. If only I can bear it.

CAREN

The pay's not bad?

KRAIG

It would be bad at any price.

CAREN [*shaking his finger, childishly*]

Tut . . . tut! We're fair here . . . fair. There ain't no flowers . . . he . . . he . . . he . . . and there ain't no song [*he chuckles*] but . . .

KRAIG [*speaking rapidly and with intense passion, pacing to and fro*]

If only the living could have what is spent on the dead. All the waste . . . the hateful waste. Flowers wilting in dead hands. Stones weighing down dead hearts; while living bodies famish and living eyes burn for the sight of beauty. Oh, I wonder the dead don't scream out at our madness. I wonder the graves don't burst with the pain of it all.

CAREN

Have they shut me up with a madman? Have you gone stark out of your mind? [*A loud knocking on the door, to the right. Caren opens it a crack and peeps out cautiously*] What do you want?

VOICE

Let me in.

CAREN

Get away.

VOICE [*piteously, clamoring*]

Let me look once . . . just once.

CAREN [*harshly*]

Got a pass?

VOICE

No . . . no. Oh, let me in.

CAREN [*bangs the door shut*]

Get away.

VOICE [*brokenly*]

Let me look once . . . just once. [*Caren opens the door a crack*] Are there any . . . women?

CAREN

Women? Of course there's women . . . always women. What is it you're craving? The sight of the beauties or the smell of their stinking flesh? Go on . . . get out. This ain't a bawdy house. [*He slams the door to and walks away*]

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KRAIG

What is it he wants?

CAREN

A peep at the stiffs. Probably looking for his girl.

[*He passes out of sight behind the black curtains*]

KRAIG

Oh! [*Cautiously he peeps after Caren, then opens the door a crack and calls in a whisper*] Man . . . ! You can see the new ones through the panel there. Lift up the curtain. There's two . . . a blonde-haired girl and a boy. [*He turns swiftly as the curtains part and Caren re-enters. Softly Kraig shuts the door, then stands watching into the hallway through a glass partition*] Poor soul!

CAREN [*mumbles as he returns*]

There's something queer about that last young stiff.

KRAIG

Number thirteen?

CAREN

Yes . . . number thirteen. You may have been right after all. Perhaps it wasn't fair play put him in the river. There's some mystery . . . something wrong. [*Tittering*] He . . . he . . . he . . . ! Not number thirteen for nothing.

KRAIG [*watching outside*]

How do you know there's anything wrong?

CAREN

That's telling, Sonny. [*With deep meaning*] But you get wise quick —looking at the dead.

KRAIG

Ugh!

CAREN

People are telephoning and messengers are on the way. Bah! Things like this are a nuisance. They keep one late. What are you watching?

KRAIG

That man who was here at the door. He doesn't go away. I wonder what keeps him here.

CAREN

Conscience! Scared to death he'll find his girl. Afraid not to look for her.

KRAIG

You mean . . . ?

CAREN

Oh, there's just two things drives people into the water. The men . . . 'cause they've got too little inside 'em. . . . The women . . .

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KRAIG [*furious*]
Stop!

CAREN [*alarmed, yet brazen; scratching his head*]
He . . . he . . . he! Pretty clever little joke . . . he . . . he! [*Kraig begins to pace the room, his hands to his temples*] I must tell that to the boys in there. [*He starts to go*] Pretty clever little joke!

KRAIG [*watching, excitedly*]
There's something wrong with the fellow. I'd better see.

CAREN [*pausing*]
You'd better shut your eyes and see nothing.

KRAIG
He is staggering.

CAREN
Let him stagger.

KRAIG
He may be ill. He may be—starving.

CAREN
He's come to a good place to lose his appetite.

KRAIG
Oh, let me see what's wrong with him . . . please.

CAREN
Go out that door and you don't come back. [*A pause*] I guess you'll stay.

KRAIG [*looks his hatred*]
Just as you say.
[*Outside the door there is a short, sharp scream*]

VOICE
Maria!

KRAIG
He's fallen.

CAREN
He'll get up.

KRAIG
I wonder what happened.

CAREN
Perhaps he got a peep at the new blonde.
[*There is now a violent banging on the door*]

KRAIG
It's he.
[*Caren opens the door cautiously*]

VOICE [*outside*]
My woman . . . Maria!

CAREN
If you can identify her shut up your racket. Go to the first door at the right and make arrangements to take her away.

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VOICE [*crushed and broken*]
Maria!

CAREN
Shut up. Bottle the tears until you get home. The first door to the right.

VOICE [*pleading*]
Cover her. For the love of the Lord, cover her. . . . Don't let her lie like that.

CAREN
Ain't she covered enough to suit you?

VOICE
Cover her. Cover her.

CAREN
Afraid she'll catch cold? Go on . . . get out.
[*He slams the door*]

KRAIG [*walks to the black curtains and parts them slightly*]
His woman . . . his love. [*Sighing and glancing towards the door*]
Poor devil.

CAREN
What's the matter with you, Softy?

KRAIG
Nothing. I was just thinking.

CAREN
Don't be a fool.

KRAIG [*again walking back and looking at the woman*]
Couldn't we cover her just a little? The sheet seems to have slipped.

CAREN
And no harm done. Meat's meat.

KRAIG [*dreamily*]
Her hair would cover her like a mantle. How soft and white she is. And how happy she seems. I wonder just when that look came into her face. It surely wasn't there when she plunged into the river.

CAREN [*annoyed*]
You ought to be nurse maid to a doll baby. What are you, anyway?

KRAIG [*indifferently*]
A dreamer . . . a creator . . . a starver!

CAREN
Well, you're the wrong sort for in here, whatever you are. This is one place where you get down to facts . . . truth. No lies, no frills, no dreams. Dreams don't count . . . [*banging his fist for emphasis*] money don't count . . . power don't count . . . beauty don't count. . . . Nothing counts.

KRAIG [*hotly*]
Then it's not truth if beauty and dreams don't count. That's what we starved for, Martha and I.

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CAREN [*softening a little*]

Well, you won't starve here. It's a fair place . . . fair. The King himself wouldn't be treated no different than a beggar. The man with brains and the man without. . . .

[*The curtains part and a helper enters*]

HELPER

Some one wants to blink at number thirteen. He's got two swell dames with him. Can they go in?

CAREN

If their permit's all right. Yes. Bring them in.

HELPER

They won't come in here. They want to go in the private way.

CAREN

I know there's some mystery about number thirteen. . . .

HELPER

Yes, there is. He's a swell . . . a big one. I shouldn't wonder if . . .

CAREN

Go on. Get out.

[*The Helper goes*]

KRAIG

Aren't you going to cover the boy before you let them enter?

CAREN

If they can't see him how are they going to know him? He ain't a tailor's dummy.

KRAIG

It all seems horrible.

CAREN

I guess you'll never see a second day at this.

KRAIG [*pacing*]

Oh . . . oh . . . I don't know.

CAREN

You think I'm going to tuck on a few extras just because he's a swell? [*Yelling*] Don't I keep telling you 'til there's not a breath left in my body that there ain't no class here? [*The Helper re-enters and hears the last words. He stands breathless*] Tramp or gentleman, they're all alike. Now get that into your head and let it grow.

HELPER [*has been stammering, trying to speak*]

I oughtn't to tell. They'd kill me if they knew. It's to be kept a secret but . . .

CAREN

What's the matter?

HELPER

Number thirteen. . . . [*Stammering*] He . . . he. . . .

CAREN

Well . . . what about him?

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HELPER
He ain't a loafer. He ain't a tramp. He ain't even a gentleman. He . . .

CAREN
Who is he? Quick.

HELPER
Our . . . [*exultantly*] our King!

CAREN [*open-mouthed, aghast*]
Our . . . King!

KRAIG [*laughs triumphantly*]
Ha . . . ha . . . ha . . . ha! And here!
[*He clasps his hands together*]

CAREN [*excited*]
Are you mad, boy . . . mad? Our King! Oh!
[*Kraig laughs. Both men stare at him horrified*]

HELPER [*to Caren*]
Ain't you got a flag or something . . . some little mark of respect to cover his nibs?

CAREN [*to Kraig*]
Run upstairs and get that big silk flag that . . . [*As Kraig does not move*] Go.

KRAIG [*abruptly ceasing to laugh*]
No.

CAREN [*threateningly*]
What do you mean? "No"?

KRAIG [*hysterically*]
This is one place in the world where all are treated fair. Dreams don't count. POWER don't count. There's no rich, no poor. . . .

CAREN
Shut up and get that flag.

KRAIG
You're going to cover him . . . but she . . . she! Oh . . . [*Both men disappear behind the curtains, cringing and bowing to people within. Caren, with his back to the curtains, does not realize that he is alone*]
Even death can't level. No . . . not even death.
[*For a second he stares ahead of him, piercingly into space, standing taut and rigid. Then commences to laugh in pure hysteria, as*

[*The curtain slowly falls*]

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A REPORT TO THE PUBLIC

CHARLES FERGUSON

[*The author of the following article was sent to Europe by the United States Government, under authority from President Wilson, to study the relations existing there, under the varying forms of government, between capital and business on the one hand, and the governments and the people on the other. The results of his study and the conclusions he reached have been given to America in his book "The Great News," which has just been published. He declined, however, to make his report on European conditions in the usual form, to be filed away in some department pigeon-hole, but determined to report direct to the business communities of the United States, in Wall Street as well as elsewhere. He has done his work and he is now ready to make his "report to the public."*—EDITOR.]

IT is hardly true to say that the European war is due to a ruthless commercial competition, a sordid strife for markets. The truth lies much deeper than that and is less discreditable to human nature. The war becomes intelligible to anyone who is able to understand the fact that modern nations have, within the last three or four generations, undergone an immense structural and quasi-physiological change of which the doctors of social philosophy have given no adequate warning—a change whereby the most vital interests, cultural and economic, have ceased to centre in the ostensible governments. These interests have been transferred to new and "invisible" centres of social control.

The change has been gradual and unacknowledged. It is nevertheless decisive. The chief executive power no longer lies in the administration of justice, but in the administration of credit. If rightly understood and accepted this change can be made infinitely advantageous to civilization. Otherwise it must necessarily entail a prolonged series of convulsions of the kind that have now begun in Europe and elsewhere. Modern social phenomena, whether of peace or war, will remain unintelligible

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to those who suppose that predominant power in politics is still lodged in the princes, presidents, parliaments and legislatures. To suppose so is to think in static terms about matters that should be thought of in dynamic terms. The difference is like that between mechanics and chemistry.

Modern politics has ceased to be an arrangement to keep things fixed, and has become an arrangement to keep things moving. The modern world is organized for work, for the prosecution of enterprise. The maintenance of rights and the administration of justice have become secondary, or say rather that we are being forced toward entirely new conceptions of right and justice. These cease to be absolute, and become relative to the productive process. The fundamental moral fact in the new order of things is that a man has a right to such tools and materials as he can handle. This is a state of affairs quite new in human history. We left the old social order behind in the middle of the last century. The crucial moment was the moment of the effectual maturity of the organs of universal credit, contract and instantaneous communications.

Before that time business was just business; it was a mere fraction of life. That had been the case since Plato's day. Human efforts for the mobilization of creative forces and the mastery of materials were disjunctive, fragmentary. The public power arched itself over these endeavors as over everything else. Government was a rigid firmament, and politics was Ptolemaic. That old world of hard legalism, of inflexible constitutions is gone.

From the moment that the fragments of industry coalesced and became a throbbing, electric universal tissue, business became the whole of life. It involved all art, science, manners and morals. The nerve-ganglion of financial control became the seat of social sovereignty. In Kankakee and Oscaloosa, as in London and Paris, the practice of law, medicine, journalism, politics, engineering—as well as school-teaching and the preaching of the gospel—ceased to depend upon the old social-centres for their sanction and acceptance, and began to relate themselves to the new centres, the working-centres, the centres of credit.

This enormous and world-changing transaction has been

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gravely misconceived by most of the professional moralists, politicians and reformers. It is to this misconception that the shock and turmoil of these times, and the mental and moral bewilderment, are mainly due. Our blind guides have tried to resist the advance of the new order of the world, but the advance is irresistible. The modern bank as credit-centre is the most subtle and powerful organ of social-control that has ever appeared within the universal field of politics.

Our great misfortune is that we have failed to treat the grand agencies of modern business with intellectual and moral seriousness. Nobody has written a readable book on the philosophy of business. Regarded as a *novum organum* of creative man, the universal business-system is as portentous and as moving to the imagination as was the vast adventure of the mediæval Church, but in no country has the system produced a first-rate organizing genius. Its Augustines and Hildebrands have not yet appeared. The corruption of the best is the worst corruption; and it is just because this new order of universal credit and exchange is by right the finest and freest of all social constitutions that the world has been filled with misery and terror by its perversion and misuse.

We must quit treating business as if it were a realm of mental and moral twilight, an unmoral region of blind forces or a kingdom of low-browed Titans impenetrable to the spirit. There is only one pressing political problem—and that is to make the business system human; and that again is the same thing as to make it scientific. It must be rectified and made self-consistent, in accordance with its own intrinsic laws.

Since the administration of credit has become a sovereign power it must of course become a public or social function. Democracy depends upon that. Democracy will come to mean —when it means anything worth mentioning—an order of things in which people have credit at the bank somewhat in proportion to their personal ability to master the practical arts and to organize victory in the earth-struggle—in a word, to deliver the real goods. Let it be carefully observed that this too is the normal intention and ground-plan of the business-system as it actually stands. Simple people suppose that the system does

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indeed really work that way. The task is to make this supposition of simple people come true.

If America could accomplish this she would be the strongest nation in the world. She would be mistress of all the arts and the engines—and leader by such long odds that all the other nations would be constrained to lay down their tools and weapons at the feet of Democracy. They would pray to be taught the way.

This invincible principle of democratic finance has already been learned and practiced in thousands of small communities in continental Europe. The feat has been accomplished through the inspired good-sense of certain masterful prophets such as Raiffeissen and Schultze-Delitsche. Thus the gospel of a sound economic democracy has been born as it were in a manger and brought up in Nazareth. It has not yet gone up to Jerusalem; it has yet to take possession of the capitals of the world. For there is no nation, as things now stand, that is not impoverished and debilitated through the administration of the sovereign power of credit in the interest of an idle and incompetent class.

In this fact lies the cause of the war. The idle and incompetent classes did not intend to make it. They do not understand it. They drifted—to the abyss. In July and August, 1914, there was no help for it; no prayers of saints or prudence of politicians could avert the catastrophe. For this new-born high-tensioned system of universal work must either embody the creative faith of the modern world, and be made the agency of a community of interest that shall cross all frontiers—or else it must turn to Nemesis and doom. We have come to a day of judgment.

Those who still insist that business is just business—that it is not a vehicle of art and science, that it has nothing to do with manners or morals or religion or democracy—need not now be answered with words. Their answer is in events, and in the news-despatches from every quarter of the globe.

The European nations were thrown violently against one another because their whole corporate life was bound up in working-organizations that required for their existence more than nature could furnish. They strove to impoverish and destroy one another. They were compelled to do so by the mo-

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mentum of their false internal economy. Through the maladministration of credit the domestic productive process was everywhere impeded, whilst an ever-increasing burden of bonded indebtedness was laid upon it. The time came when it was impossible to maintain the stock-and-bond structure or to ward off the menace of class-conflict otherwise than by the enlistment of foreign-offices and all the forces of government in a straining search for foreign markets and foreign fields of investment. The states of Europe had become swelling monopolistic trusts struggling for an impossible footing upon a shrinking base of exploitation. The collision and explosion was as certain as chemistry and physics.

Modern wars are not conflicts of political policy as Talleyrand and Metternich understood those words. They are collisions between preposterous and unpractical working-systems, directed from inverted and unscientific credit-centres. The damning solecism and absurdity of these times is the notion that a class or nation can get solidly rich by making another poor.

It appears that this present war must go on—no doubt with intermissions and breathing-spaces—until all the plutocracies of the earth have cancelled each other. Peace has become impossible on the old plan. The modern working-order has so mobilized and fluidized the whole body of civilization that a fixed and static concord between self-contained and mutually exclusive nationalities is now impracticable.

The president of the New York Life Insurance Company told the State Chamber of Commerce the other day that under modern conditions the existence of even two rival sovereignties on this little planet has become absurd. That is true. We must therefore drive forward, through incredible waste and slaughter, to the settlement of the question of which of the rival Powers is to build the New Rome, and establish a military world-state on the Cæsarean model—or else we must now set our faces toward a real democracy.

We have hitherto been baffled in our social struggles for democracy because we have riveted our minds upon ballot-boxes and legislatures. We have not failed to observe that the business organization is stronger than any party; but we have stub-

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bornly insisted that it ought not to be so. That is our very grave mistake. The truth is that the business system not only is stronger than any other political force, but ought to be. It must be, and in the nature of things will continue to be. Our reform politics will be merely wistful and pitiful until we adjust our minds to this staring fact.

Business cannot be "kept out of politics." We should give up the idea of regulating and over-ruling the working-organization by which we all live and move—from some ideal political realm supposed to be higher and purer than business. The organs of business—banks, stock-exchanges, chambers of commerce and so on—are in their very nature much more powerful than the polling-places. Whether we know it or not, and whether we like it or not—they are the characteristic political agencies of the modern world. Probably we shall stumble on for a while, in tragic perplexity—treating the main facts of our actual political estate as if they were fictions and the fictions as if they were facts. But an awakening is long over-due.

After we have fully laid hold of the idea that the credit-centre has superseded the polling-place as the main organ of democratic social-control, our political difficulties will begin to melt away. We shall perceive that self-government requires the socialization of finance through the development in every local community of a permanent and organic political primary for the administration of credit.

The heart of finance is as simple as the gospel of Galilee. It has been made unintelligible by the professional financiers—just as the gospel has sometimes been made unintelligible by the theologians. The heart of finance is the exchange of public credits for private credits, on such terms as to set forward the production of goods. When looked at in its simplicity anyone can see that this is the most intimate and important of all social and political functions. It determines every man's place and power in the community. It is an authority that should be exercised in the spirit of the university and the public-school, by men whose practical judgment and devotion to the commonwealth can be believed in by their neighbors.

The establishment of a working-understanding and com-

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munity of interest between such men and their neighborhood is what is meant by an "organic political primary." It is the true germ-cell of modern dynamic society. It is the fair and sound reality of that economic politics—or political mastery of the job—of which the existing "Machine" is a significant foreshowing in caricature. The grotesque semblance cannot be done away with until the reality appears.

We have only to consent to this modernizing and mobilizing of our politics, and we shall see that the antagonism of classes will come to an end. Enterprise will achieve an unprecedented voltage. There will be more jobs than job-takers—not occasionally, but steadily and dependably. The phenomena of commercial depressions and financial panics will disappear.

And since, as has been pointed out, the strife of nations has its origin in domestic privilege and the class-struggle, we shall find that with the disappearance of the latter, the former will in due course disappear also. And then we shall enter into a new and spacious age—an age of uninterruptible progress.

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WITHIN TUSCAN WALLS

FRANCES GREGG

IT is these that make the rhythm of a Tuscan landscape, as they make the harmony of the Tuscan character, these massive walls about their little cities, about their castles, even about their gardens.

I think of San Gimignano, that little town of the towers set so high among the hills and bound so closely round by her great walls; of Siena looking out to Mont Amiata and the Appennines, Siena with her seven gates.

These charming people live within their walls, and it is as though an emanation from a past more gracious age did indeed envelop them. Certainly types survive. One meets the fair sensuous youths of Sodoma, and girls with thick black locks cropped about their ears, and the rich luxurious type of the Renaissance,—and, more rarely, certain subtly morbid and corrupt little girls with the pale banded hair and long Byzantine eyes of a Sano di Pietro Madonna.

These Madonnas of the oblique glance, of the withdrawn and troubled gaze! Strange, exquisite, debased type, this Sano di Pietro, greatest of Sienese painters. A distinguished mind, but rotted with religion. With what rare and delicate precision he worked: no other painter could so have handled the flowered and gold-wrought garment on the little round-eyed Jesus, nor the weight and richness of that robe of the Virgin; but how terrible the secret laudation of weakness, that sick pleasure in the physical cruelty of the crucifixion. Extraordinary paintings these are.

But whose was that single, so much more extraordinary, painting that I found in the Salon of the Museum, that picture in which the Christ about to be crucified is the central figure, a Christ like a figure out of Dostoievsky, lissom, beautiful, weak, his rounded limbs yielding themselves amorously to the too tender hands of his captors: to the left the three grieving women, conscious of their pathetic beauty, and not too pained

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that the soft white flesh of their God is so soon to be scarred and bloodied. Who painted it? It was a monk, I think.

And how quaintly embarrassed those early Sienese painters are by St. Joseph! How often he is depicted asleep! I once asked an old contadina whom I found wandering about the Belle Arte why St. Joseph slept so much. "Poverino," she responded, "surely it was better that he should sleep." There is an enchanting literalness about the people of these walled towns.

Religion permeates everything. In Siena, at the time of the Palio, the horse himself is marched into the church of his own contrada to attend mass before he goes out to win them a banner. In San Gimignano, in the evening dusk, the bimbi form circles,

Maria Lavava,

they chorus, acting as they sing,

Giuseppe tendeva
Suo figlio piangeva
Che sonno non ha.
Stai zitto, mio figlio,
Che adesso ti piglio,
Le pezze, le fasce
Son' messe a scaldar.

("Mary, the mother of God, was washing: Joseph hung out the clothes: the baby Jesus cried: because he couldn't go to sleep: Be quiet then my little son: for at this moment I will take you: the little diapers and the swaddling clothes: are already put to boil.")

Under dim arches little girls hush their stiffly bound piccinini, singing,

Dove vai, Madre Maria,
Sola, sola, per questa via?

Vo cercando del mio figliolo
E tre giorni che non lo trovo.

Lo trovai da piedi al monte
Colle mani legate e giunte.

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Sangue rosso lo versava
La Madonna gli asciugava

La Madonna ha fatto un figlio
Che si chiamo Salvatore.

Salvatore gira per casa
La Madonna lo piglia, lo bacia,

E lo mette in cullina
Fa la nanna, Jesu bimbino.

"Where goest thou, Mother Mary: alone——" but I give it up. There is no word in the English language that will give the tender solitude of that reiterated "sola, sola." How deliciously irrelevant comes that

La Madonna ha fatto un figlio,

that little son who runs about the house, to be caught up by the Madonna, kissed, and put into his cradle. What could be more exquisite than this homely, all-pervading religion? Every pretty baby is a "Jesu biondo," a little fair Jesus, every pretty mother a Madonnina.

And they are like Madonnas, like those straight and slender Madonnas of Fra Angelico, that tenderest and most spiritual of painters. Yesterday, from my balcony, I watched one of these "little Madonnas" who might have stepped down from the painted walls of that Monastery. Her eyes, as she glanced shyly at me, a forestiera, had the same look of dim and startled intelligence as have the eyes of that Virgin of the Fra Angelico "Annunciation." She too was just so sweetly a maiden of the people. Her little garden shut in by that fence of rough-hewn palings, is, as is any garden of to-day, shadowed by the bitter cypress, and there are tiny daisies showing very fine and clear against the age-dark green of the grass. It was given only to Fra Angelico to paint those tiny flowers as they are seen to-day by any contadino—not as Botticelli painted them, to whom they were a mystic symbol, nor as under the steel hand of Leonardo,

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for whom they held philosophic secrets: it is Fra Angelico alone who, with poignant simplicity, felt their direct beauty.

"Poignant" is perhaps the word of all others that describes these Tuscan landscapes. It most nearly describes something that comes with a sweet sharp clearness to the senses. There is an acrid sweetness in the sensation that comes to me as I walk these Fiesole strade. Narrow little lanes lead endlessly nowhere between high walls: below, Florence lies in the sun like a great white coral reef, and always the hills unfold new vistas. The lime-trees are coming to flower, and the almond-trees are like great white plumes upon the hillsides. Old women creep out of dark doorways to sit in the sun. They mutter curses if you pass them without giving soldi, or call down blessings upon you for a few centesimi. I like them all, whether rheumy-eyed, fang-mouthed, with disease-blotched faces, or really beautiful. I like their wisps of hair, and their age-twisted bones. They seem to live in a world of their own: indeed, to have so endured time sets them apart. These old women are perhaps what I shall most wish to remember of Tuscany, these and high walls with the purple wistaria flung like a royal banner upon them, tangles of roses red and white, poppies in the new wheat, and the scent of the almond flower.

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THE BIRTH OF A NATION

C. TOWNLEY-FULLAM

I

NATURE IN LABOR

IT is not until the rough constituents of communities *in posse* discover certain affinities that the complexities of the social state become possible. And these must have become sharply defined before they stand in need of regulation. Order may be the first law of Heaven but amongst men it is one of the constructive arts.

As primitive man, wherever found, must have been pervious to like impressions and subject to like experiences, the earliest forms of organization of all must have conformed to similar ideals. Sooner or later they would arrive, in the sequence of necessity, at the tribal constitution. It is only when we come to differentiate the phases of tribal organization that we reach historic ground.

Of these phases there stand out, in classic guise, but three,—the Graeco-Indian, the Israelite and the Saxon-Magyar, each with its peculiar characteristic.

The salient quality of the Magyar was that in him were absorbed the salient qualities of the other two. Like the Graeco-Indian he had no concentric tendencies whatever: like the Hebrew he recognized the Federal link. Each Magyar tribe was a self-contained entity. Such ties as it chose, consistently with independence, to recognize, were ties of common danger. On the eve of battle the tribes foregathered: on the morrow of victory they drank and dispersed. This was the naked theory of the unwritten law but as, in practice, the tribes were incessantly engaged in defending themselves or, preferably, in attacking other peoples, a certain permanent but illegal cohesion may be presumed.

These were the pre-natal days when the embryo was still in

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Asia, still barbarian, still pagan but burdened with some inherent *virtus* whose like had never yet been found in any people save that whose genius had once adorned the City of the Violet Crown.

In so far as this people, ancient or modern, ever permitted itself to be governed by anybody in especial, each tribe was governed by its own chief freely elected in full, armed council. For as, in terms of immemorial law, every Magyar was *nemes,* noble, all were brothers in pride in arms and in right. The principal office of a centurion being to decimate the enemy, he was selected with full regard to physical attributes and skill with the arrow. In no sense was he High Priest, though, in the case of a nation worshipping the Hadur, God of Battles, the presumption might have been in his favor. But dominion of the soul was some degrees more insupportable than physical dependence. The status of a chief in those branches which, in ancient polity, answered to the executive and administrative of modern times is not quite so clear. It can, however, be postulated. It is certain that he had no hand, *ex officio,* in the making of law: that was the inalienable prerogative of the whole body of nobles who, fully armed, constituted the folk-mote. Equally certain is it that he had no power to command, but, in common with the Teutonic chieftains sketched by Lothrop Motley, a right to persuade. However, in an assembly where every man stands fully armed, where flights of eloquence may be sustained by flights of javelins, and arguments driven home by battle-axes, a Horatius should count for more than a Demosthenes. As to Justice, whereas, in other primitive communities where Mosaic reparation cancelled all obligation, where plunder was equally divided and pasturage equally free, the administration lay in the hands of no man for all but in those of every man for himself, the case of the Magyar, in his then comparative stage of culture, was unique. At some undefined and unhistoric period, though each tribe retained its independence with no wider views of communal interest, the growing complexity of society, involving as it did a subordination of the parochial to the federal principle, had insensibly caused free centres of gravity to merge upon a common plane. The people, restrained by instinct and *pre-*

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scriptive usage from investing any one person with plenary authority, yet felt the need of centralized *administration* as opposed to government. To satisfy this need certain offices were invented which corresponded with nothing with which the history of other, *primitive,* races has made us familiar. Their incumbents were neither consuls nor archons, princes nor priests, warriors nor prophets, but Justiciars with wide though nebulous jurisdiction. Their office was to hear and determine causes. The terms of the warrant of these Ephori are of deep significance. They were bidden to decide *strictly according to precedent and usage in terms of Common Law.*

This is one of the great landmarks in Magyar, nay, in all History.

But the bare warrant was too general. Conscious as they appear to have been of each other's imperfections, the people reserved an appeal from the decisions of even these magistrates to the full body of freemen sitting, more probably standing as a Judicial Committee. Thus the fount of Justice was the tribe itself, speaking not by the mouth of delegates but by individual right. As a Judicial Committee it could appoint, as it could discharge, the Judges; it could review their acts and conduct and revise their sentences. As a General Assembly it appointed and suspended leaders, made peace or war, regulated the more or less frequent migrations, was, in effect, the Amphictyon of itself.

These pre-natal strivings are of deep historic moment. They foreshadow a political prescience whose promise has been fulfilled. They institute that long series of comparative coincidences between the stages of development of Aryan institutions under the Saxon people cut off from intercourse with a continent and those of Turanian institutions under a people even more remote from exterior influences, working out its destiny, crudely, it may be, but consistently with its own mentality. They prove, moreover, that, whatever may be the true lines of division between two main streams of the human family these may be sought neither in the domain of Civil Polity nor in that of the philosophy of Social forces.

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II

THROES

Embedded in the formulæ of the Public Law of Hungary, than which there is no more entrancing study to the Cokes and Clarendons of nations, there is one gem whose setting might more fittingly have been entrusted to a Swift,—a hoary theory that the land wherein Nature stands forth in the girdle of Circe was not, as a mere Prescott or a Gibbon might suppose, the guerdon of battle and plunder of victory but the *legal inheritance* of the Magyar people. This theory of the Occupation of the Fatherland deceived even Werböczy, the great jurisconsult of the Middle Ages.

To the imagination of some monkish chronicler whose only peer is Ezra in Babylon we owe the record of this most illuminating side-light upon the politico-moral sense—*a chao*—of a primitive horde.

The theory, as a theory, is, of course, puerile, almost wanton. For the postulates upon which it rests we have no historic warrant; nor, be it acknowledged, rebutting evidence. If such exist at all it could proceed only from some muniment crypt of the Vatican.

Such theories were not unknown to Roman nor to English jurisprudence. But these were polished peoples far removed from the age of childhood. Thus the wonder is not that the theory should ever have held water; not that, in a critical age, it should still command respect; but that it should have distinguished an unlettered breed of Berserkers. The world could not for a moment forego it for its mere enunciation furnishes the philosopher with dry-light upon the collective mentality of a people.

The Constitution of the Byzantine Senate rested upon the legal fiction that half the Roman Senate had migrated to the Bosphorus. But the fiction was admitted. The reversion of Pannonia in tail-male presupposed a *John Doe,* one Attila, Rex, deceased and a *Richard Roe,* the Magyar Chief, as trustee for

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the devisee nation. But this, in the case of the Magyars, was no fiction at all, but binding historic fact. The Magyars did not pause to consider that there might be a defect in the original title; that Attila's right could be no better nor no worse than that in virtue of which Avar, Quadi or Marcommani claimed; that forcible dispossession partakes less of the character of occupation than of robbery under arms. Nor did they note that, refusing to enter the comity of nations as thieves, they must be classed as receivers.

This tracing of a genealogy through Attila may or may not have historic basis: it may have been the cause, it may have been the consequence of irruption, but to a race nurtured in the camp and taught to set high above the totems and phallic deities of a many-angled Pantheon, the *Hadur,* God of Battles, the claim was natural enough. Beyond all doubt it was convenient.

But for its psychic value this delicate concession to the presumed ethical sense of a Europe long accustomed to see the title-deeds to land inscribed in red at the point of the sword, might have stood as a work of supererogation, a contingent set-off against future relapses. The début of the Magyar is thus remarkable not only in its consequence as being "one of the most important events of the world's history," not only as supplying a sardonic commentary upon the Byzantine principle of porphyrogeniture, but also as offering *the first received instance of the justification of a diplomatic act before the concert of Europe.* The spectacle of Arpad presenting Leo, the Philosopher, the two sovereigns of the Franks and one or other of the multitude of Pontiffs who directed the Holy See between 896 and 907 A.D. with the *fait accompli,* regularizing, as it were, his "proceedings" in Pannonia (and wherever else the fancy of the moment led him), would be of grave import indeed,—if it had ever been presented. But "we like not the security." Be the fact as it may, there never was yet a legatee who has clung more tenaciously to his inheritance, to that property which is the basis of civil Society, than the Magyar.

The state of Europe at the beginning of the ninth century, if not so chaotic as that which distinguished the seething times of the Genserics and Recavedos, was still too unsettled to admit of

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hopeful action against the new heirs. The concert was wofully out of tune. Whatever action was deemed necessary was, in kind, defensive, but in result singularly barren. The Magyar was left to write his European chronicles equivocally enough. His mere advent had done nothing to shock the budding sensibilities of peoples to whom the slaughter or absorption of one set of barbarians by another might appear even as an act of grace. But when he began to make of the natural fastnesses of the land a military base, and of the impenetrable glades of its forests caches for the storage of stolen goods; when, obtusely insensible of the doctrine of the sacred rights of all property but his own, he performed the Grand Tour, making no concession to the right-to-live heresy, seeing nothing in the continent but a wide common or a public park whose enclosure ill suited his predatory convenience, the nations sent up a unanimous cry, an echo of Cato in the Senate, and gathered their forces for the impact.

The defeat of Augsburg which restored its mental equilibrium was, perhaps, the most salutary check that this people has ever received. Occurring as it did at a time when half a century of wandering had shown it something of organized prosperity and the germs of principles upon which nations evolve, it induced the Magyar to take stock of his domestic resources and to prepare for the serious business of house-keeping upon settled lines.

This first century of the real history of the Magyar is not amenable to serious criticism. He never rose to the poetry of brigandage as did his equally chivalrous compeer, the Norman or the Saxon hero of Sherwood, nor did he give earnest of those qualities which we now know to be inherent in the race. But he was no vulgar robber. It was his fate to make war and his fortune to make war successfully. To and fro he went carrying with him an innate consciousness of superiority which caused him to argue from success to desert. He did many things of which the sentiment even of that age could not approve, but he did them through motives far more pure and generous than those which dictated the extra-territorial excesses of the nations abutting upon him. He disembowelled men's bodies, not to the extent common in Christian commonwealths, not at all from any

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concern for their souls but in purely secular barbaric progression. Yet he never degenerated into the heresy-mongering which stains the annals of more advanced peoples. Neither at the height of lawless glory nor in the depths of homicidal orgie did the Magyar ever approach within sight of the achievements of those eminent Malthusians of the polite ages—Don Frederic at Haarlem, Leopold at Eperjes or Tilly at Magdeburg.

The Magyar himself would have been the last to credit his own destiny. The oracles of the tenth century with the courage to predict it would have had no honor in their own land and would have been summarily lynched in any other. But for that destiny he began unconsciously to prepare under forms which gave scope to his natural force. Though he, himself, could not be assimilated, a property which he still retains, he had a most marvellous capacity for assimilating which embraced institutions rather than peoples. He required little encouragement but arbitrary direction. That direction in the fullness of time he received, and thenceforward the path opened clear and straight before him.

III

ACCOUCHEMENT

No augurs attended the birth of Vajk. None that watched by that rude cradle saw, in his one hand, the rod of Moses, in his other the scroll of Lycurgus; at his side the sword of Cromwell, round his head the halo of Loyola. But there they were, obscured, perhaps, by the rays of his Golden Age.

This picturesque brigand goes down to history by a name derived from one Pope and a title accorded by another. No one dreams of calling this man other than St. Stephen, but deep in the Magyar soul there lies the still consciousness that in Vajk alone, in Vajk the strong, Vajk the virile heathen of wind-swept plains, lies that affinity of psyche which, in the Calendar of Saints, is decently shrouded if not altogether wanting. For Vajk was a gentleman. And fierce and bloody though the Magyar may have been, a robber on Roman roads by day, a roysterer

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in camp and glade by night, there ever burned within him that masonic and incommunicable spark. Even then he was what he now is, not a people but a caste.

It fell upon a day when Vajk had come into his own that he cast his eyes about in the strange comity which encompassed him. He measured it not as one measures a star, impersonally, approximately, not even as a sworn appraiser, but down to its last latent possibility. He took a most candid inventory of his own dynamic reserves, saw, that having chanced upon the Debatable Land, the existence of his race must be not a running fight so much as one interminable battle and that alone he could never hope to stand. Of secular alliances he had had many and to spare. But he wanted no evanescent community. His Hadur had veiled his face at Augsburg. He, the God of Battles, had been worsted by the spells of unnameable Ormuzds who had pursued his own chosen warriors back to the forest depths of Pannonia. There was virtue in these gods: they were not vindictive but good to their own. True they were not heritable but the Magyar was a master-craftsman at adoption. Perhaps . . .?

Vajk looked East. Thence he had come. He saw, sinking in the ooze of corruption, a line of bastard and decrepit Cæsars, erst tributaries of the Goths, who could never have outlived the onset of his horse. He looked West and saw the Lone Mother of Dead Empires; no corruption but the *Germinal.* He saw, towering to cloudless skies *Kephas,* and upon her the steady beacon-fires that, kindled at Vesta's dying flame, had watched over a world submerged and warmed a world re-born. Here, if anywhere, was the constant factor wanting in the national equation.

The people thought otherwise and what they thought that they trumpeted. They were not disposed to acquiesce in the summary conviction of the *Hadur* for one venial fault, a something which might happen to any God, inadvertently. Reproof, the withholding of offerings, a stern recall to duty, yes; permanent exile, Never! Sacrilege was a refinement which left them unmoved: it was this wanton sacrifice of the policy of national insurance which crossed their instinct. The destroyers for once turned conservators.

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Vajk paused not upon the order of his doing. He took that intractable horde and crammed its collective neck into the River of Healing. It was homœopathy of a novel order. Wet, sulky, distrustful of new gods the people roared lustily and squirmed and kicked their way out of the Iron Hand into riot, even insurrection. But some keen, political instinct, some secular sense, reinforced by a very clear remembrance of the Blood Compact of the Seven Chiefs, stood in the way of organized rebellion on an epic scale. All minor ebullitions of those unquiet souls were treated by the far-sighted philosopher as evidence of animal spirits. Satisfied with a few trials of strength,—the flutter of wings in a cage, the desire of the moth for the star,—and with the sporting consolation of rolling St. Gellert, second arch-iconoclast of their images, down the steeps of the Buda hill to the river, the people returned, growling, to their Secular allegiance. They rendered again unto Cæsar the things which were Cæsar's, and settled down as robust Christians to rob their neighbors under a moral sanction as weighty as that which their lictor and augur, their tribune and consul, their Captain and Archon Basileus had wantonly discarded.

The work of Moses had been accomplished. The work of John had been the diversion of a moment. The work of Solon was now to follow. That does not properly concern us. We ought to pause at that miracle which the hierarchy would obscure under the guise of re-incarnation but which the historian must ever regard as the accouchement of a psychic force and the Birth of a Nation. We ought to pause but cannot for something is wanting to complete the picture.

It is fitting that we go forward to the Epilogue.

The man who created a nation and a national idea; who evolved a spirit more durable than that which Lycurgus infused into the Spartan, more indestructible than that with which the Maccabees clothed Israel; who founded a polity that outlasted that of the Cæsars; who gave to both spirit and polity a direction which, in its main essentials, characterizes Magyardom of to-day, was the Sower. No fastness too remote, no soil too unpromising for his lavish hand. There was no miracle, in the accepted sense, in connection with his name; but the Church,

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wiser than her critics, canonized him for the miracle of his being. Yet St. Stephen was never greater than Vajk, for Stephen was a myth, a moral myth, but Vajk was Nature's High Priest.

Born chief of a pagan tribe, he stood, in the evening of his days, on Nebo, King of a Christian Commonwealth, and the new gods, satisfied, gave him a vision transcending that of Moses. Nor do his children forget. Every year through the great Boulevards of the City Beautiful there moves a stately procession, the March of the Priests, in gorgeous panoply, chanting their Litanies. And in their midst marches one proudly carrying, on cushioned rest, the strong Right Hand of Stephen, Apostolic King. On that day his children, now come into the goodly heritage of his harvest, make high holiday.

IV

APOTHEOSIS

The second of the Sybilline Books opens at the epoch of the Council of Constance. Where is now the joyous buccaneer, where Pannonia of the Legionaries? Four hundred years, and the rude unlettered tribes have given way to, confessedly, the first Power in Christendom.

From amber shores of Baltic to Straits of Otranto, from the Euxine to the Middle Sea, the writ of the King runs. The sceptre of Wenceslaus and the throne of Poland, the Kingdom and the Empire, the Crown of St. Stephen and the mantle of Cæsar, are in one keeping. Sigismund, Emperor-King, premier sovereign of a world, brushes aside a Pope and takes his seat in the Chair of the Council. He makes as he unmakes Popes. The Patrimony of Peter is his to bestow or withhold. The Imperial word goes forth *ex cathedra*—and Huss passes to the fires; it goes forth again—and the fief of Brandenburg passes to the Hohenzollerns . . . Pregnant words, for they give initial movement to forces that still sway the Councils of men.

This is the Apotheosis of the great Vajk, whose spirit still breathes over the land.

* * * * *

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There came a time when her glories grew dim. She saw her stars " one by one expire." She fell, not like Lucifer,

" never to hope again,"

but like some tired Hercules that would rest upon his labors. Long she slept till some thought her dead. But in the Ritual of a Nation, chanted by its great regenerator Széchenyi, there is the certain hope of a Hungary which " never yet was but is still to be "—an awakening, not a resurrection.

And all because the old gods had once seen fit to send amongst men, in wanton sport, a barbarian with a Soul and a prescience like to theirs; and to endow him, for his and their dignity's sake, with a chariot beside which the Car of Juggernaut seemed the plaything of a delicate child.

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FREE

AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

WHY did I do it? God! Why did I do it?
Lying awake here in a cheap hotel
And she beside me, sleeping, wearied out
With pitiful brave efforts to be gay—
I know how brave they are, I tell myself
How brave they are, and yet they leave me cold.
Her face is lax and faded as she sleeps,
All prettiness and youth gone out of it.
Although I cannot see it in the dark
I know, for I have seen it many times—
So many times. . . .
How long ago it seems—
She was a dream of infinite desire,
The symbol of the freedom I had lost.
Lost? Worse than lost. I had been cheated of it,
Cheated by smug respectability,
And Law and Custom and the other gods
Whose sacrifices are the lives of men.
That was, I think, what maddened me the most.
My wife, my children, my position—all
That made men call me fortunate—my God!
When I have seen the freight-trains clanking by,
A ragged tramp holding his perilous place
Upon the truck, how often I have thought,
"To be free like him! Oh, to be free like him!
To slam the ledger, never again to see
Columns of figures blur before my eyes,
But changing fields and the varying haunts of men;
To know the summits and the deeps of life,
To burn myself at the red flame of life,
To drink myself to death with life, maybe,
But to be free and live!" And thoughts like these
Hot in my brain, I would go home and hear

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The thin monotonous gossip of the day,
The endless petty round of household wants,
Until at last I lay awake in bed
Hearing my heavy heart beat on and on—
As now I hear it . . . and beside me lay
My wife asleep—as *she* is sleeping now . . .
And just because I knew that was her place
I shrank away, out to the very edge,
Lest I should touch her—just as I do now.
  Is this poor threadbare plaything the same girl
Who came to me when I was almost mad,
And shone upon me like the strip of sky
Between a prisoner's bars? So free she was,
So virginal of body and of mind,
Light foot, light heart, a creature to awake
The hunter in a man. I hunted her,
And with her, youth's elusive miracle—
I hunted her, and with her, glad romance
And passion like a torch. I hunted her,
Glad of her flight, her tremulous backward look,
Glad of her sweet shy trouble at my touch.
I would have spent the Indies' gold on her,
And all the gems of the Arabian Nights.
I grudged the money that my household cost,
Grew angry over little needless things
And made my children angry; and my wife
Never resented anything I said,
Only grew gentler and more wearisome
With little futile efforts to make peace
Between the angry children and myself,
With pitiful brave efforts to be gay. . . .
But then I did not see that they were brave—
Only how deadly tired I was of her
And of the life of which she was a part.
  I hardly can recall how it began,
Taking a little here, a little there,
Of all the money that went through my hands—

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But I remember well the day I knew
It could not be a secret any more.
What should I do? Confess and beg for mercy,
Plead my long service and my stainless past,
Pray them to let me keep my place—and so
Commit myself forever to the life
That I had grown to hate? Forever lose
My one chance to be free? Body and soul
Sickened . . . I went to her—I told her all
That I had done, said it was done for her,
And now there could be only death for me
Unless she held the door of freedom wide
For us together.
With a little sob
She gave her lips to me. . . .
We went away.
How little it was like my eager dreams!
She only was a woman, after all. . . .

Ah, what a little sordid hell it is!
Not reckless glad adventure, not romance,
Not even passion. . . . Only furtive shifts,
Dodging up streets to avoid a man I knew
When I could look the whole world in the face. . . .
Chained like a slave to poverty and her
(Why did I take so little in my haste?)
Her reddened eyes, her faded wistful face. . . .
Afraid of her, afraid of other men,
Most bitterly afraid of my own self—
Would prison be more horrible than this,
Lying awake here in a cheap hotel?
Why did I do it? God! Why did I do it?

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THE SCARABEE MONOGRAPHED

BRUCE CUMMINGS

IN the minds of most people, the naturalist is a rare and eccentric-looking animal sometimes observed poking up the mud of a horse pond or dissecting the internal economy of a tapeworm. He is commonly supposed to bear a close personal resemblance to the animals which he studies, and caricaturists always see him with a tail or a tentacle, or peeping from a burrow or perched upon the branch of a tree.

Scarabees, however, are often very ordinary-looking people indeed, with no distinguishing mark to aid those who venture upon classification after a cursory survey. They are not all "professors"—though some may be peers of the realm. They do not all wear spectacles—though some effectively use an eyeglass. They may be called Charles, Bob or Dick—and occasionally Algernon, Cosmo or Randolph. They are not all eccentrics; not a few who have distinguished themselves in the great public arena of Scarabee endeavor, in private life have been politicians, courtiers and ambassadors. Buffon is reported to have had a handsome person and magnificent diplomatic manners. Baron de Geer (1720-1778), Marshal of the Court of Sweden and Knight of the Polar Star, was in his day the possessor of one of the largest fortunes in Sweden and a very fine gentleman indeed. Yet his enthusiasm for "the innocent pursuit" of Entomology was such that on the publication of his famous "Memoirs on the History of Insects," he was induced in a fit of despair to burn the greater part of the impression because they failed to arouse the interest they deserved.

Prejudices against the Scarabee's chosen pursuits are legion. In that delightful novel, "Two on a Tower," by Thomas Hardy, the author makes his hero an astronomer rather than a biologist and puts him in a tower in the moonlight rather than in a ditch catching frogs. It is unnecessary to be a novelist to see the advantage of that; moreover, the time is not yet when an enlightened public opinion can see in the biologist who labors in the mephitic atmosphere of horse-ponds a gentleman no whit the

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less romantic than an astronomer dogging "the secret footsteps of the heavens"; yet the truth is that horse-ponds contain marvels as staggering as solar systems.

The common idea is that Scarabee work is dirty, prosaic, ridiculous—a question of the number of legs in a caterpillar, of such technical blazonry as "Metopidium high, supra-numerals elongate, clypeus peristomial." It means an exotic delight in some such sensational announcement in a letter to "Nature" as, say, the discovery of a new membrane in the alimentary canal of a lady-bird. If you possess a friend or relative with a penchant for spiders or beetles, remember to ask him jocosely when you meet, "Black beetles, eh?" forgetting, I trow, the parable which tells how a certain great personage once accosted Gibbon after the publication of his third volume of "The Decline and Fall" with, "Well, Mr. Gibbon, still scribbling?" (That an anatomist can be as voluminous as Mr. Gibbon is evident if I say that as recently as last year a German doctor, Herr Prof. Voss, published a thick book recounting the structure of the thorax, or middle part only, of a single insect, a cricket.)

But your contemptuous attitude the Scarabee likes not, though he usually ignores it. He is a happy man, indifferent to what the world may think, cultivating his own plot of happiness, rarely looking over the hedge and never to the horizon, self-contained, autonomous. No one who has read Fabre, or Mr. and Mrs. Peckham on wasps, or turned over the plates of Lyonet's great quarto volume on the structure of the caterpillar of *Cossus,* the Goat Moth, or any of the Scarabee classics, can fail to understand the fascination of his pursuits and his absorption in them. He nothing sees the whole day long, like the gallant knight enthralled by the beautiful and merciless lady of his heart.

Yet even when due allowance is made for the dazzling attractions of biological research, it must be confessed that the researcher frequently takes himself and his work with an almost portentous seriousness. When the Scarabee bends his doting head over the ant heap or the microscope, one almost expects to see signs in the sky. The placid assertion of Oliver Goldsmith, in "The Animated Nature," that Natural History is the occupation of the idle and speculative rather than of the

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busy and ambitious, is a grievous error in his eyes. In the field of natural history, nowadays at all events, the busy and ambitious may make great reputations—they may even come to sit on Committees!—and make presidential addresses, and receive what has been happily called "the anxious civilities of the undistinguished."

Of course, scientific men often seem to the uninitiated to be seriously engaged upon apparently trifling and irrelevant matters. Isaac Newton under the apple tree was probably blowing dandelion "clocks." Sir Francis Galton—to take a modern instance—used to walk about the streets of London pricking a piece of paper with a pin. He was collecting statistics of people's eyes, noses, chins, according to a method invented by himself for the foundations of the new science of eugenics.

And so a zoölogist, having completed a charming book on the little sea worm, *Convoluta roscoffensis,* would have you believe that his *Convoluta* problems involve the security of the Empire or the redemption of man. Perhaps. But where is the worker who, confronted, as he often is, with the point-blank question, "What's the use of your work? Why trouble to find out if an earth worm has a heart or whether pigs have wings?" has the courage to reply, in the sense of vulgar utility in which the question is put: "My dear good Sir, no earthly use at all. Good-day." Of no more practical utility, that is, than, shall we say a Grecian Urn or a lyric by Colonel Lovelace.

That, on occasion, his labors are of service to the community is a fact sufficiently brought home to most of us recently, when his knowledge of the structure, life history and habits of such common and dangerous enemies to health as the housefly, the flea and the louse has been at the disposal of those responsible for the health of troops in the field and of non-combatants at home. But economic zoölogy is only a bypath in the multifarious labors of the Scarabee and perhaps it would be less presumptuous for him to adopt as his motto and justification Laurence Sterne's witty remark that "where the heart leaps out before the understanding it saves the judgment a world of trouble."

His affections are distributed over the whole Animal Kingdom. To the pious Scarabee, no animal is so mean or so

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minute as not to attract his respectful attention. Anything with legs, a pulsating vacuole, a waving tentacle, is sufficient to awake responsive chords. It would warm the cockles of the coldest heart to hear the Ichneumonidæ specialist refer affectionately to the "Iks," or the expert Conchologist smilingly pronounce "Strombs." The blind Huber, who by the aid of his devoted assistant laid the foundations of all our knowledge of the bees' community, regarded bees with something more than mere affection, we are told. "Beaucoups de gens aiment les abeilles," says Gelieu, "je n'ai ou personne qui les aima médiocrement. On se passione pour elles."

Recollecting perhaps the sentiment expressed by Boyle, that nothing can be unworthy of investigation by man that was not unworthy of being created by God, a member of the wealthy Rothschild family is at the present moment the foremost authority on the Siphonaptera, a name which polite students give to fleas. In the lay mind the flea is only a joke—and always one which must be cracked. But, *pour les vrai savans,* he is a serious and very attractive study in comparative anatomy, bionomics and metamorphosis. And so with any one of Mr. Keating's particular antipathies. Even lice, which lately have been very much discussed by naturalists and the R. A. M. C., have never lacked students. Henry Denny monographed the British species as early as 1842. The "Monographia Anopluorum Britanniæ" is a very curious old book concluding with a quotation from the 91st Psalm: "These all wait upon Thee that Thou mayest give *them* their meat in due season."

Good Sir Thomas Browne said that he could digest a salad gathered in a churchyard as easily as one from a garden. "At the sight of Viper or Toad," he adds, "I find in me no desire to take up a stone and destroy them." Every Scarabee would like to shake his hand for saying that. And yet some women there are who would prefer Lady Godiva's ordeal to a struggle with a mouse in a closed room. Oliver Goldsmith owned to an "invincible aversion to caterpillars." Ambrose Paré, the father of modern surgery, mentions the case of a man who always fainted at the sight of an eel. There are four or five pages in

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Victor Hugo's "Les Travailleurs de la Mer" spent in libelling medusæ and cuttlefish.

If we are to arrive at the very citadel of the Scarabee's soul, it now becomes necessary to proceed with circumspection. He is a wary animal particularly over matters relating to the soul, the existence of which he will probably deny, while the heart he does not care to discuss except as the organ of circulation. So, having caught your hare, treat him gently, smooth out his pelage, win his confidence, and incredible revelations shall follow. The learned old gentleman who is preparing a catalogue of the Chalcididæ, you imagined was engrossed merely in nomenclature, chætotaxy and other technical matters. He is really a glutton for form and color in the insect world. The vision of a nervous or vascular system, or the musculature of a limb, pleases the anatomist's eye almost as much as it satisfies his intellectual curiosity. "Isn't it nice?" he will say to you, his eyes ablaze with pleasure.

Alfred Russel Wallace wrote of his young days that he possessed a strong desire to know the causes of things, a great love of beauty in form and color, and a considerable but not excessive desire for order and arrangement in whatever he had to do. Characteristically enough, naturalists cherish a keen delight in those color patterns and symmetrical arrangements of parts that can be drawn with set-square and compasses—the radiate forms of starfish, sea urchins and medusæ, or the exquisite bilateral symmetry of *Nereis* and a hundred other beautiful sea-worms. They may not be versed in chioroscuro and the principles of composition, but the essential thing they have: the artist's love of beauty in form and color—love without which, as Heine says, the sun will only measure so many miles in diameter, the flowers will only be classified by the number of their stamens, and the water will be merely wet.

The devotion of the naturalist to his work is certainly the chief salient in his character. Enthusiasm with him is always at boiling point—much to the irritation of those less well endowed with nervous energy! It is thrilling to read of the celebrated Bonnet of Geneva (who discovered parthenogenesis in animals) watching a plant louse from four o'clock in the morn-

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ing until seven in the evening, or of the superhuman labors of Swammerdam, who ransacked earth, air and water for insects, and who often spent whole days in cleaning the fat from a single caterpillar in order to be better able to study its anatomy.

Robert Louis Stevenson would doubtless have asked, before giving rein to his praise of Bonnet, if he could play the flute or take a hand at cards. Even less whimsical critics would be glad, I fancy, if it could be said that Swammerdam once shouted "Damn the caterpillar," and went and got a glass of ale. Most laymen would lose their patience with the great French zoölogist, Lacépède, who continued to write his "L'Histoire des Poissons" during the most disturbed period of the French Revolution. During this present Armageddon, many a Scarabee's head is still bent over his dissecting dish when the milkman comes round in the morning.

Listen, too, to the ominous opening of an obituary notice which appeared a few years ago in the *Scarabee's Monthly Magazine:*

"Twenty years too late for his scientific reputation, after having done an amount of injury to Entomology almost inconceivable in its magnitude, Francis Walker has passed from us."

And yet, to the truly philosophic mind, why should fishes be any less interesting than revolutions, and indeed why not undertake the castigation of a criminal like Mr. Walker with as much ferocious enthusiasm as other folk—with other enthusiasms—employ to plead for a National Theatre or Food Reform?

Enthusiasm for a great cause, we know from the copy-books, is a noble sentiment, and enthusiasm even for worms, insects or somebody's patent pills has a *je ne sais quoi* that is divine. I admit that at times—for example to hear an odonatologist (*i.e.,* a student of the science which treats of dragonflies!) exclaim, with the emphasis of real emotion, "There is something radically wrong with our conception of the radial sector," (a small vein in the dragonfly's wing)—one reflects sadly that enthusiasm of any kind must be bought with a price, and there are plenty of naturalists who have gladly paid it—in the loss of health and eyesight, in the sacrifice of their wealth, their profession, and even their domestic happiness (one has but

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to read the lives of naturalists to see this), and nearly all have surrendered voluntarily or involuntarily almost all other vital interests. Charles Darwin was bound to admit that towards the close of his life all his early love of art, poetry and music had evaporated. Surely here is the supreme sacrifice.

There come moments, I fear, when the heart fails even the most courageous essayist who has undertaken to defend Scarabees. For the most part, they are fine fellows—men with the single eye and the whole body, full of the glow and light of a grand enthusiasm. But a few there are whom no counsel would put into the witness box without a qualm. Yet, in the belief that a just tribunal will save the city for the sake of those righteous ones, I intend to present all the available evidence.

Your really god-forsaken Scarabee, then, spends his life in dotting i's and crossing t's, in repeating over animals their Latin names like magic incantations, in totting up lists of the species that occur in his district. He is obsessed by the cult of the card index, by a mania for order and arrangement. He rivals Mr. Gradgrind in his desire for facts—facts swallowed with the same unwinking voracity as a crocodile swallows bricks. It thrills him to know that in the male flea there is one abdominal nervous ganglion less than in the female—without necessarily wishing to understand the reason why. A *Rossia* discovered in a rock-pool makes a red-letter day in his Calendar because the find "extends its range"—yet you may be sure he has caught no inkling of the factors governing the distribution of cuttlefish. "It is my business," says he, "merely to record the facts," hating to suggest a theory of generalization through fear of being caught out by an exception to the rule. "Accuracy" to him is a holy word, pronounced with eyes lowered and the palms crossed over the breast; "imaginative" is a term of opprobrium; poetry means long hair; the summer solstice is nothing but the probable time for the emergence of some insect from its cocoon, and Coniston or Chamouni he recalls merely as good treacling localities. Undignified jousts are not infrequent: "He says that it is 'unthinkable' that *Carabus clathratus* should occur in my parish," snarls a worsted Knight of the Pin, "but it is conceivable that that depends upon the thinker." He is a spe-

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cialist: mention an *Acmaea* to an authority on the Helicidæ and he yawns. To a lepidopterist, the hymenoptera are of no more interest than the cuneiform texts to a third-form boy. This type of Scarabee crouches over the group of animals selected for study like a dog growling over a bone: on the approach of a rival student there is trouble. "It is so nice to feel," remarked an ingenuous youth of about sixty summers, "that you know more of one particular subject than anybody else in the world!"

The specialist is a very extraordinary person. He will tell you—and he never tires of saying it, with an incomprehensible pride in the devastating infinity of the Kosmos—that a single organism requires for perfect elucidation more than the available grey matter of the human brain. And, summoning an intellectual courage of which few of us can boast, he lowers himself deep into the mine of knowledge, happy if, after an industrious life, he has dug out a few lumps of information about a crab or a fly in a coal-field which stretches from here to beyond the stars.

Verily, only a specialist can understand "with what scope God builds the worm."

But let me warn the reckless critic that the "old fossil" may on occasion suddenly turn on his traducers and confound them with an attitude which takes the heart by storm. A very old naturalist—a veteran Scarabee, in his day guilty of almost every Scarabee crime—found it in his heart to say to me one sunny morning in Devon: "I love the bees, the poppies and the swallows. 'The beautiful swallows—be kind to them.'" He quoted Richard Jefferies.

Few indeed realize with what scope God builds an occasional Scarabee.

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GORKY AND THE NEW RUSSIA

ROSE STRUNSKY

TO me Gorky has never suffered from that "change" it has become so fashionable for young Russia to mourn. "Since he has begun to give us doctrines he has lost all his art," they say, and shake their heads. "We can get all the doctrines we want from the platform of the Social Democratic party or from the theorists of the Social Revolution. Why go to Gorky? Or if it is a philosophy of life that we seek, have we not always Tolstoi, who is greater, truer and has more consummate art? Why does he not write again a *Foma Gordyeeff,* or an *Orloff and His Wife,* or a *Konavaloff?*"

I re-read *Foma Gordyeeff, Orloff and His Wife, Konavaloff;* and read also *Mother, The Spy, In Prison,* and the little fables with a purpose so sadly decried, and I see nothing there but the old Gorky, writing always from the by-ways of life, as he passes along on the road. The road has lengthened and widened in the twenty-five years of his wandering; that is all. Russia has changed and grown and passed through deep-stirring experiences from the year 1890, when Gorky first published his immortal story of *Makar Chudra,* to the present moment of titanic struggle in the World War—the beginning of the year 1916.

Russia's changes were Gorky's changes. He first flung his type of hero, his people—from the lowest of the low, water-rats, tramps, petty thieves into a discouraged, disappointed and hopeless Russia. It was a Russia that had almost decided that there were no more people, that they were without courage, that the misery and degradation in which they lived was there because of their own inefficiency, their lack of idealism, their incapacity to grasp an idea and to strike and fight for it.

The Russia that thought this and the Russia that Gorky awakened from its torpor by introducing to it again the people it had almost learned to scorn, showing them with a capacity of understanding ideas, having deep emotions and great courage, was the Russia that had settled back in bitter disappointment

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after the sad failure of the Revolutionary movement of the 'Eighties.

Like an eddying pool, the generations in Russia have risen to the surface, made their protest against the anachronism of autocracy and despotism, and then subsided back again into the still and inert waters of the nation. But each rising generation has made a wider and wider eddy, coming ever from a greater depth. Thus in 1825 it was merely a small group of military officers, who having learned from the Napoleonic campaigns that there were such things as constitutional law, that liberty and freedom were truths to fight for, broke out in revolt in Petrograd, in December of that year, only to be immediately crushed. Five of the leaders were hanged, and the rest, intellectuals and writers among them, were sent to Siberia.

The loss of the élite of Russia, despite the names of Pushkin and Lermontoff which graced that period, made great inroads in the intellectual life of the country. But in the 'Fifties and 'Sixties the seeming quiet was broken into by a new restlessness. This time the student youth, the young sons and daughters of the landlords and the nobles, became inspired by a passion for learning, for new conceptions of education, for new liberties of the people, for the abolition of serfdom and for a Pan-Slavism that would be democratic. It was then that the women left their homes to seek higher education and to enter new fields of work. They had to break with family tyranny, which was fostered by tradition and the state; and their men comrades stood valiantly by, helping them to make escapes, going through the forms of mock marriages, and conducting them safely to that Mecca of learning for the Russian youth—the medical school of Geneva. It was in this way that Sonya Kovalevsky, who later became the famous mathematician in the University of Stockholm, made her escape into the world; and many other untold heroines of Russia who were soon to return educated, free, and fired with a zeal to spread their new found freedom to the people.

The abolition of serfdom in 1861 brought with it great discontent, for the peasants had been led to believe that they would be liberated together with the land—since Russian serf-

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dom was based on the theory that the peasant was attached to the land and that the landlord's hold on it came through his ownership of the serf. Consequently, it was argued, when the Russian serf was liberated, and the ancient communal village form maintained, that all the land the serfs had owned would go to them. Of course, that was very far from what really happened. It is true, that the serfs were liberated and the ancient communal form kept, but the land allotted to the villages was poor and meagre, the plots were scattered, and the taxes on them for repayment to the landlords were so great that it took over fifty years to pay.

The peasants foresaw exactly the future that awaited them; the dearth in land, none too much to begin with, and the consequent lessening at each redistribution as the village increased in "souls"; the needed "renting" from the landlord at exorbitant rates; the inability to pay and the resultant "paying in his own labor," and the eventual re-establishment of a virtual serfdom. Insurrections took place all over the country, the peasants believing firmly that the Government had treated them more kindly but that the landlords were deceiving them. The Government, however, came only too willingly to the aid of the landlords, having got used to blood-baths in its drastic suppression of the Polish insurrection of 1863.

The general disappointment among the youth of Russia in the Government's attitude both towards Polish liberty and peasant rights, led to a stronger and more revolutionary stand on their part. Unlike the reaction that set in during the long and tyrannical reign of Nicholas I, after the outburst of the Decembrists, or the reaction that was to follow those thirty years of effort when the voice of Gorky was to sound like a clarion call to a renewed faith, the decade of the 'Seventies rose to one of extreme and intense idealism. The generation which had gone out of Russia to gain for itself new liberties had now returned and was spread throughout the length and breadth of the vast land, making converts by the thousands where formerly there were but few. The "fathers" and "sons," though not understanding each other very fully, were nevertheless following an equal tendency. Where the former had sought for new

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general liberties in politics and social life through education, the latter, feeling that a great deal had already been won, decided upon a propaganda of action. The movement changed from a freeing of one's self to a freeing of the people. "To the people" became the watchword of the hour. The youth of the better classes went to live among the peasants, taught them, organized them into secret revolutionary groups for "land and liberty," made several abortive attempts at peasant revolution, and finally, the Government growing more and more reactionary, ended by beginning a personal "terror" against the Government representatives, which culminated in the assassination of the Czar, Alexander II, in 1882.

The reprisals that set in, the wholesale exiling of the youth to Siberia, the internment for life in the fortresses of Ss. Peter and Paul and in Schlüsselberg, for participation in the party called the "Will of the People," and the general opinion that however reactionary Alexander II had been, he was still much more ready for reforms than his successor Alexander III, gave rise to a fundamental disillusionment. The sacrifices of the youth had been too great. They had let themselves be hanged and tortured only to bring in an era of still greater darkness. The people were not ready for reforms; they did not want reforms; they would not have understood what to do with liberties could they have had them. There was nothing to do but sit back on one's estate, exploit the peasants as did the grandfathers, and say, "We are powerless and the peasants unworthy."

This period was the more painful because it came fast upon one which was full of idealism and hope. The men who lived on in inertia, drinking tea and vacuously discussing the futility of life, had known a time when they had hoped and thought and planned otherwise. They had almost cynically to repudiate their former selves.

The writer who brought out most acutely the great anguish of this period was Anton Chekhov; and he is now coming to be recognized as the greatest artist of his time, who followed naturally the trend of the years he lived in. His humor, at first gentle and sorrowful, became coarse and gross as the darkness around him deepened. His characters are inert, some eaten up

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by unfulfilled desires, others incapable even of recalling the faint echo of a former hope; and " Chekhof Sorrow " became a well known phrase in Russian life.

It was in this Russia that Gorky made his appearance. Himself one of the people, he showed them again the face of the people. It had beauty and courage, it had qualities of strength long since forgotten. The effect was electrical. Gorky was hailed as the one upon whom the cloak of Tolstoi was to fall; more indeed, for unlike Tolstoi he did not appear as a leader of the people, but as one of the people who portrayed the people *en masse*.

Gorky's appearance in the cultured and literary world of Russia filled, as it was, with despair, suffering from the " Chekhof Sorrow," has an analogy in my mind to the sudden appearance of Peter Karpovitch in the fortress of Schlüsselberg. There for almost twenty years, in their awful dungeons, cut off from all outside communication, sat men and women wondering when and how their work would be carried on. One by one they died, and only a handful remained to question if the youth will ever awake to strong purposes again. Then suddenly, in the year 1902, the big gates opened, and the student, Peter Karpovitch, entered. Without connection with any revolutionary group, by an instinctive feeling of the pulse of the time, he made his strike against the increasing reaction; he shot and killed the minister of education, Bogolyepov, in February, 1901, as a protest against the wholesale exiling of the students into the military as had been done by Nicholas I.

This advance guard of the Russian Revolution was tall and handsome, with the traditional heroic figure of the Little Russian. He came to the men of the past in all his strength and beauty as a symbol of the new era. Upon his footsteps followed fast Bolmashev, the assassin of Sipiagin, who this time committed his act under the direction of an organized group, the Social Revolutionaries. In two years Russia was aflame. The Governor General of Finland, Bobrikoff, was shot in June, 1904. This was followed in a few weeks by the assassination of Von Plehve and the Grand Duke, Sergei; by the demonstration in St. Petersburg, in front of the Winter Palace, which led to the ter-

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rible massacre of Bloody Sunday on January 22, 1905; by the mutinies in the Black Sea fleet and in Kronstadt, and by the nation-wide general strike in every branch of industry and life in October, 1905. And then finally a constitution and the Duma were granted to the people. The herald of the new order to the old was that tall, handsome youth whose strange footsteps were heard suddenly and unexpectedly one March morning treading the hitherto silent corridors of the fortress.

In like manner came Gorky to Russia at large. He was marvellously fitted to dispel the disappointment that was felt about the people. Himself one of the people, he had merely to disclose himself to prove again their genius, their courage and nobility. His life had been particularly tragic and particularly Russian. He was born in a dyer's shop in Nizhni Novgorod in 1868. His real name is Alexei Maximovich Peshkov, and it is significant that when he came to write he signed himself "Maxim Gorky"—"Maxim, the Bitter." His father died when he was four and he was orphaned at seven, when his mother died. His childhood was spent in the care of his maternal grandfather, who was extremely religious, and who was also a miser. The foundation of the bitterness he was to feel was thus laid early, for the life of the lonely child with the harsh, unsympathetic old man, can be well imagined; he has told the story of it, in its peculiarly Russian setting, in his book, *My Childhood*. At the death of his mother he was apprenticed to a shoemaker; but at eleven he decided that he had had enough of "home," and he left Nizhni Novgorod for good. He started tramping and after many vicissitudes, he found himself as a helper to a cook's assistant on one of the boats that run on the great River Volga. The cook had been at one time a non-commissioned officer, and he carried his past culture with him in the form of a trunk full of books. It was a queer assortment, from Gogol to school manuals and popular novels, and Gorky dipped liberally into it. The result was that a craving for real learning arose in him, which no doubt would have come to the imaginative youth at this age even without the aid of that haphazard library. He left the Volga steamer and tramped to the University of Kazan, thinking that learning would be free to anyone who wished it. He was bit-

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terly disappointed, for the university demanded fees; and instead of registering as a student he was compelled to work again, and he found a place as a helper in a bakery. He stayed in the bakery for two years, and his life there made a deep impression on him, for there is scarcely one of his stories in which one of his heroes does not spend two years baking bread in some filthy cellar in the midst of flour-dust and general filth.

And then he left the bakeshop to wander with those tramps and "ex-men" whose poet he was later to be. The life held suffering which ate deep into the vitals of his being—hunger, privations, nights with the police for vagabondage, and finally, so great became this conflict between the beauty and goodness for which his nature craved and the constant evil around him, that in 1889, at the age of twenty-one he sent a bullet through his chest. Like many of the Russian youth, whose passionate natures make impossible the compromise between their inherent idealism and the sordidness and brutality of actual existence, he had decided to be done with the mockery. But the bullet, fortunately, did not kill him, and he took up his life of vagabondage again.

In 1892 he is once more in Nizhni Novgorod, actually holding the respectable post of a lawyer's clerk. The lawyer, a man called Lanin, seemed to have taken a great interest in the intelligent young man, who discussed "cursed" questions and had a "live and energetic soul." He threw opportunities for study in his way, but Gorky's free and untamed youth, coupled with the taste of the "mother earth" he had grown to love so, made it impossible for him to lead the well-ordered life of a professional clerk, and especially in a city. He left Lanin, for he did not "feel at home with these intelligent people," he said; and he tramped to the Caucasus, making a detour on the way, from the Volga through the Don district, into Bessarabia and Southern Crimea.

Coming to the Caucasus he found work in a railroad yard in Tiflis. His mind had already begun to digest the types of those tramps, Tartars and gypsies he met in his wanderings, for as early as 1890 his first story, *Makar Chudra,* made its appearance in the little paper "Kafkas" in Tiflis. It is a story of two

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thieves, written with great simplicity and naturalness. There is no doubt that Gorky had met them, and that he has faithfully told the story as it was related to him. It pictured them as strong, but sensitive as women, with a subtle capacity of understanding each other's emotions. In a typically Russian scene one thief unburdens his heart to the other, telling him how he had wanted to kill him, and how he had nearly done so. The other listens, sympathetic, understanding fully how that state of mind came to him, and they part in great tenderness! These are no weaklings; they are personalities held by iron chains in a Greek fatalism, and the fatality is life—Russian life. Gorky had not yet come to the point where he could lay his hand on the social enemy and say "Here it is." He saw only a great misery, and people torn in anguish—but not ruined, as the generation before had supposed. His story, *Makar Chudra,* appearing as it did in a provincial paper, made no immediate name for him; but his later stories, in which both canvas and treatment are exactly the same, brought him recognition forthwith. He left Tiflis and wandered back to the Volga, and there, by happy chance, met the Little Russian writer, Korolenko, the author of *Makar's Dream* and *The Blind Musician.* As editor of "The Contemporary," Korolenko introduced him to the world of literature, and immediately he was made known to all of Russia. He continued writing in the same vein, the vein of *Makar Chudra,* using the strong, outcast, rebel types, in *Emilian Pibgai* and *Chelkash,* which were published in 1895, under Korolenko's editorship, and in *Konovaloff, Malva, Foma Gordyeeff,* his first long novel, and in the innumerable other works which preceded the supposed "change" in Gorky's manner. He showed his heroes to Russia as one shows a scene by pulling back a curtain: "This is what exists; here are men who do not conform to your laws, not because you have made outcasts of them, but because they despise you and all your smug respectability." But as yet he did not say it in so many words; he merely showed his canvas.

The change in Gorky is the change in Russia, the change from a silent and brooding mood to one of talk and action. As the Russian people became more self-conscious, so did Gorky, changing from a man torn by circumstances to one who was able

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to analyze life, and to know cause and effect. His sudden success so early in his life made it impossible for him to keep on writing of the same subjects and in the same manner as he had begun. He was too great and dynamic a genius for that. Like most Russians with him the art itself is not the thing, but truth and self-expression. Thus, when Gorky swung out from the life of tramps and wanderers into the intellectual life of Russia, he found a nation organized into various groups, analyzing the cause of Russian social and political misery, finding an economic and materialistic reason for it and setting about to remedy it. Gorky joined one of these groups, the Social Democratic party. He was one of the signers of the petition to the Czar which demanded, with an amusing Russian naïveté, that the Czar grant not only economic justice to the strikers in the steel works of St. Petersburg, but also constitutional assembly, universal suffrage, a direct and secret ballot, and more, a free press, free speech and freedom of religion! For joining these demands, and for participating in the subsequent demonstration in front of the Winter Palace which resulted in the notorious massacre of Bloody Sunday, Gorky was imprisoned in the fortress of Ss. Peter and Paul. His prominence, and the fact that he was a victim of tuberculosis, caused a universal demand for his release. He was freed after a month, and was allowed to stay in Finland and even in St. Petersburg for a while, during the so-called days of freedom. By this time he had thrown himself entirely into the cause of the majority faction of the Social Democratic party, an organization made up of people who did not believe in waiting for economic development to bring about the co-operative commonwealth, but believed that by mass action and the general strike, there could be brought about in Russia a social revolution without the necessity of intermediary steps.

In 1905 Gorky left Russia and came to America, hoping to collect money for the revolutionary cause. Unhappily, however, he failed because of the fact that the charming and brilliant lady who came with him to America and whom he registered as his wife, under American interpretation of law was not legally so. Many men of prominence, Mark Twain among them, resigned from committees that had been formed to help raise money for

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the revolutionists, and Gorky's plans failed entirely. Not only was no money raised for the "cause," but Gorky was received nowhere, the very hotel in which he stayed asking him to leave at midnight. It was supposed that agents of the Russian Government, fearing Gorky's too great success in America, sprung the trap and thus discredited him.

Disgusted and unhappy Gorky left the shores of America, and the dark days of Russian reaction having already set in, went to live in practical exile on the island of Capri, in Italy. But he kept in touch with Russia. Leonid Andreyeff, the Russian writer, was often with him, and many revolutionary refugees came to see him and usually stayed for days. It was at Capri that his longer novels, *The Spy* and *The Confession,* were written. He was by this time living entirely in the world of culture, thinking and writing earnestly and scientifically about the political and social conditions of the world around him. Just recently he has gone back to Russia, pardoned after many years of exile.

The great light, the great inspiring power of Gorky, has ever been the people. The only ray of happiness in his work is the joy that comes to his characters when they begin to work for the people. Life is depressing, life is a quagmire, a bog wherein great and noble souls are forced to wallow, until suddenly light appears in the organization for the creation of a better life. One feels, just for one little instant, the happiness that life can bring when this vision of the new order appears. In the novel called *Three of Them,* for instance, the pages lighten with relief when the little Social Democratic agitator appears bringing hope and courage. But despair returns when she is swept out of the life of the unhappy men that fill the pages of that book as suddenly as she appeared; and the unhappy hero, sick with the mortal sickness that sees in life only a profound futility, throws himself under a passing train and dies.

This was typical of Gorky in the beginning, when he himself first saw the meaning of the "Cause," before it had become fully part of his life. The years went by and steadily his scenes changed, following the exact manner in which the Russian people themselves changed their mental attitude. The background of the same Russian people, the same giants, with the same courage

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and the same ability, was no longer a quagmire; it was a battlefield. They were struggling, these simple and long-suffering people, to win their rights; and interwoven into the fabric of his later work is the life of the new Russia, the self-conscious, fighting Russia of the last decade. In *The Spy,* which was written in 1908, we see the Russian not yet come into his own, still living in ignorance and inner disorder; but his activity is different. He is a man at war. The same change is in *Mother,* and in the later work, *In Prison.* A new pæan is sung; it is the song of the people marching *en masse.* Perhaps of all men Walt Whitman came nearest to this fundamental feeling of democracy, but unlike Whitman, it is not *of* the people that Gorky sings, but it is the people themselves that are the song-makers. They are the "creators." "In them dwells God."

The Russian who finds the later work of Gorky too doctrinaire, too purposeful, never quarrels with him because his treatment of his subject is at fault or his conclusions wrong, but because his art has failed. They have revised their opinion in Russia that Gorky would come to mean to them what Tolstoi has always meant, for they still consider Tolstoi the more universal philosopher, the greater artist. They say it is inartistic for Gorky to talk to them of what they already know; they want again to hear about the strange and interesting types they did not know before, and to read again his exquisite descriptions of nature, descriptions which they consider unsurpassed by the greatest for their beauty. To me, however, Gorky's later æstheticism is one-sided; it is the æstheticism of the primitive; the soft and subtle shadings leave him untouched. There is no doubt that he loves passionately his "mother earth," with the vast, undulating steppes, the tall mountains of the Caucasus, the great dome of the sky, and the living sweep of the sea. His descriptions of these scenes glow as do the descriptions of many other writers over the charms of the beloved—but we miss the charms of the beloved.

In reading Russian literature, it must always be remembered that one is reading of a people whose civilization is intrinsically different from that of the West. It is the difference between action and passivity. Professor Milyoukoff would have us be-

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lieve that it is the autocratic form of government which has made the Russian live so long in inactivity, that both his reasoning powers and imaginative faculties have developed far in excess of the rest of Europe. It is true that the Russian is never afraid to go to the end of a thought, never afraid to fight for a freedom far in excess of that already attained in the Western world, and never afraid to ask continually the fundamental questions of "Why" and "Wherefore," "Where am I going," and "Where does this lead me to?" Under the knife of Russian literature there is disclosed as real a cross-section of Russian civilization as the exposition of French civilization given us by de Maupassant, Flaubert, Zola and other realists of the French school; and yet this cross-section of Russian civilization is difficult to visualize and understand without an intimate knowledge both of the people and their history.

It is difficult now for me to remember my conception of Russian life as I got it from Russian writers before my visit to that country ten years ago. America, California, all the activities of our Western life, made the characters and problems in Turgeneff, Dostoyeffsky, Gogol seem vague and unreal, made them move about in a nebulous society, where one asked embarrassing personal questions and where one always was answered with a truth and a frankness that seemed rude to our Western minds. But when at last I went I made a coward's entry into Russia. There were rumors of riots and disorders, for it was in the year of general strikes and barricades; and as the train moved farther into the interior the guards who shovelled the snow off the track seemed to me soldiers under arms, standing there to protect us from some infuriated mob. My heart beat with fear at the thought of that great and uncouth stranger to me, the Russian people; but as my stay in Russia was prolonged my kinship with the people grew. The common man appeared to me as a gentle protector and friend; the drivers of the droshkys, the peasants, the workingmen, the guards on the trains, all became kindly elder brothers, who set one on the right path, or made a friendly remark as one passed along. Everyone talked to everyone else, and although the greatest interest of the time was in the duma and the political situation, there lurked always a personal under-

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standing and a personal relation behind each discussion. I became so much at one with the people around me that when I left Russia, eighteen months later, I was fearful at going away, as if now truly I was going home and from among my own people into a strange land.

As the train came into the Western world, as I found myself in Poland and out again into Austria, I felt that I was again alone, a solitary and detached individual who must forever be on guard against the misunderstanding, the ill-turn which would be given me if I were not watchful. Outside of Russia the people, " the God-creators," as Gorky calls them, fell apart into a million various atoms, each struggling for his own life. It was in Russia that I left them still unspoiled, unadventitious, united in a great simplicity of faith and love.

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ROUGH HOUSE

ELSIE CLEWS PARSONS

ABOUT twenty-five years ago four brothers founded a family colony in a cluster of islands off our North-east coast. The brothers were New Yorkers, Harvard graduates, business or professional men, possessed of sufficient income to establish a summer home. Since their early settlement their married offspring have annexed neighboring islands and their mother has seen the island group augmented by great grandchildren.

In the group, traditions have developed, as well as offspring —traditions and peculiar institutions. Of these the more apparent to the outsiders who week-end in the colony are its forms of entertainment—there are stated card parties, stated picnics, stated excursions, every Saturday afternoon there is a baseball game, a game distinguished by special rules and played by both sexes and by all but the first and last generations. Every July fourth there is a sailing race between the married men and the unmarried, and a swimming match between the girls who have "come out" and the girls who are still looking forward to that crisis.

But of all the institutionalized pastimes I heard of or took part in, what the youths and maidens called their rough house most attracted my attention, or in their dialect, "got my goat." Not in this instance at stated intervals, but sporadically, just when, they said, you never could tell, boys and girls, the older boys and girls, would pitch into one another. It might begin by a girl emptying a cup of lemonade down a boy's back or a boy shying a raw egg at a girl, but it had to begin spontaneously, I was told, "naturally." Then one by one the boys gathered to the rescue of the boys, the girls to the girls, defence or offence being strictly according to sex. Attack and retaliation varied, of course, although as a rule the climax of the sex battle was reached by ducking a girl in the water—"with her clothes on."

The girls would of course not remonstrate if they were sports,

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besides they expected it. Only once had there been a surprise or a remonstrance. It was on the part of an outside girl, up there on a visit. She was a nice girl, they said, they liked her, but on the morning of the rough house she had shown poor judgment in putting on clothes the islanders weren't accustomed to, very "fancy" clothes. And so on to her white, green-strapped, high-heeled shoes one of the lads had turned a hose. Instead of taking it gaily, retaliating or even running away, she had stood still and protested, proving thereby how poor a sport she was, and only inciting to further aggression. The rough house promptly got underway only to terminate with the emersion of the overdressed young lady. That night she left the islands, vowing that to that place of utter barbarity never, never would she return. "Now *wasn't* she a poor sport?" I was asked by the Harvard junior who was the chief narrator of the now historic incident.

She certainly was a non-conformist, I answered, and I went on to tell them of what their rough-house custom reminded me. Among the Blackfellows of South-east Australia, I said, the young men and the girls align themselves from time to time against one another. A man or a girl starts the play by killing, sometimes accidentally, sometimes deliberately, the totem animal of the opposite sex. (Each sex has its own totem, a creature the men or women identify themselves with as their "brother" or "sister," a creature they will not kill or eat.) When out of mischief or spite the young fellows would kill the "sister" of the girls, a superb-warbler, for example, or a night-jar, they would boast of it around camp. Then the girls would go out and kill an emu-wren or a bat, the "brother" of the men. Back they would carry it to the camp, parading it mounted on a tall stick. *Yeip, Yeip!* hurrah, hurrah! they shouted. The men would meet them and then for an hour or so it would be spears and boomerangs and clubs, the men's arms, against the digging-sticks of the women. It has been described as "a sort of jolly fight, like skylarking," although the men sometimes got a good drubbing and sometimes a woman would be speared.

There seemed no call to go on with the account to the Harvard student and his friends. They were not dull lads, and I

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had, I fancy, made my point. But let me now repeat the rest of Dr. Howitt's description of this Australian sex custom. The row was sometimes purposively started by the older women, he says, as a means to promote courtship between the marriageable girls and the eligible but backward bachelors. After the fray and after the bruises and wounds had been healed, a young man might meet a girl and, looking at her, might say: "*Djiitgun!* Superb-Warbler! What does the *Djiitgun* eat?" "She eats kangaroo, opossum, etc.," would reply the girl. This colloquy constituted a formal offer and a formal acceptance.

Our proposals of marriage are perhaps a little more elaborate or at least they once were, but analogies between other details of the Australian sex totem-fight and the American rough-house might be undertaken, I surmise, if not quite completed. But I leave that to others, to special students of sex antagonism or sex impulse. I would conclude with merely the general parallelism in mind, and with what it suggests, the belief that not only are human impulses everywhere much the same but that, given somewhat the same opportunities, they will express themselves in much the same cultural ways. By the same opportunities I mean more than anything else freedom from competing impulses and expressions. Modern culture is unlike primitive culture primarily because of its greater psychological complexity, because of the competition between its impulses and their expressions. Segregate a fragment of a modern community enough to enable it to lead *a simple life* and similarities will arise between the culture it develops and that of primitive communities, amazing similarities, the almost incredible similarities of the nursery, for example, or of an American summer colony.

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THE FORUM EXHIBITION

WILLARD HUNTINGTON WRIGHT

AT the Anderson Galleries this month is to be seen the largest exhibition of the more modern American paintings ever held. In fact, next to the Armory show it is the most complete and comprehensive exposition of the new school's work which this country has ever had. There are seventeen artists represented, and in the neighborhood of two hundred pictures hung. The object of the exhibition is to bring before the American public in a large manner the best examples of new movement's work being done in America; to turn public attention for the moment from European art, and to concentrate it on the really excellent work of our native artists. A committee, composed of Dr. Christian Brinton, Mr. Robert Henri, Mr. W. H. de B. Nelson, Mr. Alfred Stieglitz, Dr. John Wiechsel and the present writer, made a critical selection not only of the artists whose work is on view, but also of the pictures which are to be seen. The exhibition is non-commercial, its sole aim being to stimulate interest in our native art and thus benefit serious and deserving painters. Following is the critical consideration of each of the artists exposing.

Ben Benn.—The only artist exposing in this exhibition who shows undeniable temperamental affinities with the famous Van Gogh is Ben Benn. Throughout his work, from the earliest to his latest, is apparent a certain ruggedness of effect, enthusiastically set down. A ponderance in the details, and certain effective massing of large flat planes on smaller and subservient shapes, help bear out this recognition of the mad Dutchman. Benn, however, has not yet said anything like the final word he is destined to say. Indeed, it is of comparative late date that he was spurred on to searchings more profound than the joyous painting of the Impressionists—at which point he had stopped, vaguely moved by the irresponsible freedom of their methods. To-day he is working harder. Problems, which before were unknown to him, he is attacking with all the seriousness and perseverance of his avid intelligence, and in addition he is tentatively

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trying out the methods of later men. Duanier Rousseau would appear to be his most active influence at present. In the handling of leaf and tree details, and in such accessories as the hair on his large canvas, *Figure,* can be seen Benn's regard for the meticulous, yet simple and childlike, vision of the old French custom master. Perhaps Benn comes back to the Dutch through this more modern man, for certainly Rousseau, more than any other modern, recalls the little Dutchmen of the Breughel school. But whether he be under one influence or another there is ever evident a delicate attention to contoural shapes in their relation to the picture's ensemble, and a strange and *imprévu* design which gives the picture an interest over and beyond its æsthetic and illustrative appeal. This design Benn considers most important to all works of art, and despite many details, subordinated though they be, he achieves a direct and simple effect which strikes the spectator forcibly. This singleness of effect is obtained by striving to harmonize the lines and by throwing aside all that does not materially add to the primary effect. As he stands to-day Benn has done some unique decorative canvases in which is shadowed forth a fervid love of color, line and mass —all of which are no doubt highly expressive of what the artist has felt before his subject.

Thomas H. Benton.—Benton is one of those few painters who are searching for the meaning of great composition. In all his work there is that feeling of the experimenter after facts and methods which just manage to elude him. His figure compositions, while striving toward the *esthétique* of an El Greco, are really as good as those of Friesz who is inspired by Poussin, and Benton's drawing is better than that of the modern Frenchman. In his drawing, however, lies a danger. It threatens, now that he possesses a considerable insight into the human figure, to become tricky and repetitive. He is not alone in this danger. It threatens all men who begin to wield a weapon in art with which they are not wholly familiar, and which they have not experienced and assimilated. Benton's talent is really delicate and decorative, as can be seen when we compare his slighter landscapes and smaller still-lives with his larger figure compositions. These former works possess a color as softly charming as

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a later Derain, and they retain all the loveliness of a direct and sequential expression. But the larger work has a labored and muddy aspect. Benton is now working with the methods of the Synchromists of two years ago, softened and rounded to his own temperamental needs. As yet he has not found himself, but he has a genuine talent for decoration which will eventually, no doubt, bring him out into the light. In his present work I see very strong potentialities both as to color and design; and if he avoids the pitfalls of the obvious in his art he will yet accomplish splendid things. Although in his past year he has done many abstract canvases, none of them shows the requisite progress for significant achievement. He has come a long way, but he still has far to go before he should attempt anything as profound and difficult as an abstract expression. He should pay particular attention to developing his sensitivity to interlaced forms, letting one grow out of the other, as it were, rather than trying to construct his compositions by means of his intelligence alone. He has a brilliant future, provided he attacks his problems of color and form-harmony more at length.

Oscar Bluemner.—Still another type of artist who is striving for a personal vision, or rather, I should say, who feels that his vision is different from any man now painting, is Oscar Bluemner. Formerly an architect, the work of this man bears traces of a certain coldness and stiffness due perhaps to his early training with mechanical draughtsman's instruments. His desire is to produce on canvas, by a highly synthetic method of picturization, the actual emotional experiences he senses before nature. Highly intelligent, he realizes that this can never be done by merely copying what is before him. He recognizes that the actual volume of emotion one has in the out-of-doors cannot be transmitted to a small square of cloth by copying values. He therefore strives to heighten all color forms and lights to such a degree that, in the immensely restricted space of a picture, their intensity will overshadow the sensitive spectator even as he is awed by nature's effects. With Bluemner there is a desire for bigness, for extent of effect—an ambition to condense and concentrate, as it were, into a small area the forces of nature, which by their intensity will produce the colossal volume of emo-

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tion we have before an actual landscape. Here is a highly commendable ideal, and an original one. At present Bluemner sacrifices much toward the achievement of his ambition. But this is only natural, for compromise is always the path of him who is not yet master of himself. Bluemner would be the first to repudiate the assertion that he has arrived; to him it would be a sacrilege to have one think he aspired to nothing higher than his present achievements. He is now in the making: he says it will take him twenty years to achieve his aim. Personally, I believe that his goal will have become modified in less than a quarter of that time. As he progresses in his ability to handle his medium, he will be confronted by other, and perhaps profounder, æsthetic complications. His color now has a hardness and dryness which will undoubtedly pass away; and in his drawing is a certain stiffness which also is due to disappear. He has set himself the task of doing a certain thing. Whether or not he succeeds in his present aim is unimportant; but he will unquestionably find himself *en route*. And this self-expression —this re-creation of a highly personal intellect and temperament —is, after all, the thing that counts.

Andrew Dasburg.—Dasburg is another man seriously striving toward a more conclusive individual expression of what he feels is imperative for him to create. On view at present are works which show several tendencies. The small still-life is perhaps the most satisfying, but this does not mean he has not progressed in his later abstract works. Many times an artist will experiment along new paths, undergo strange and novel influences, only to come back to where he deviated. But when he thus returns he is laden with new experiences, with a richer stock of knowledge. Dasburg undoubtedly will in time arrive at an adequate abstract art. Already he shows a marked degree of originality and a sensitivity to a rhythmic order of forms; but at present there is a tentativeness which makes one feel the artist's uncertainty of his ultimate course. This feeling of uncertainty, however, should discourage no serious and intelligent artist. Abstract art is the most difficult of creation, and the inspiration on which it hangs is like a thread. Ever does the easy line of objective representation call to the artist to return to a more com-

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placent satisfaction with smaller achievement. Happily men like Dasburg, strong enough to throw aside what they believe to be the unessentials of art, do not succumb to the platitudes of the easy-going, but continue cleaving their own personal and lonely way to higher endeavor. In the meantime Dasburg is learning to master his medium, and when, after experimentation, he has fixed on what he definitely wishes to do, his ability to juggle his medium will earn for him an enviable place along the most difficult lines of intellectual endeavor. A drawing of his still shows the constructive methods of the academy; and his later paintings have undergone somewhat the Synchromistic vision. But these influences are merely those of the man not yet sure of himself—the man who gives the ideas of others a trial so that he may learn by their mistakes; they are not the influences which mark the imitator of other men's methods. Such struggles for profound results deserve only praise and encouragement.

Arthur G. Dove.—Dove's work, first of all, is indebted to the Chinese, from whose highly subjective æsthetic appeal Dove has deduced many valuable facts which he holds to be inherent to all great art. The Chinese artists' almost complete passing beyond the actual depiction of objective nature, and their creation of formidable emotion-forces by use of harmonious lines and opposing spaces and forms, have had much to do with Dove's development from the first. He is inspired by certain groupings of forms and colors in a natural subject; and, desiring to give back to the world the keen joy he has had before his chosen motif, he analyzes the actual proportions and degrees of curve and salient colors which have produced in him this enjoyment. Once probed and assimilated, he orders them to the best of his ability, sustaining always his freshness of pleasure in the object, yet creating objectively his subjective plastic sensation in such a way that, at the end of his work, although no one trait of his motif is to be found, the spectator should have the same joy, ordered and clarified both as to form and color, that Dove has had himself. This is a large task and would be essentially a musical one were not the emotions he desires to transmit wholly plastic. But whether or not his work attains the desired result, it always possesses a linear and decorative (in the best sense)

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interest which cannot be passed over. Sombre in color, and devoid of all advertisement for the gallery visitor, his pictures attract the serious amateur ever on the lookout for original ideas and highly personal expression, more than does the greater part of the careless, acid color effects indulged in by painters of the modishly speculative kind. Dove is seriously attacking a large problem; but he is equipped with a sensitively cultivated taste for what is best in ancient art, as well as with a grasping intelligence which will never permit him to do a stupid thing. His symbolic interpretations of nature have a formal basis; and he deals entirely with the effect of nature's volumes on the mind capable of ordered creative expression.

Marsden Hartley.—Hartley was undoubtedly inspired in the beginning of his career by one of the most artistic men America has produced—A. P. Ryder. His first works, of which I have seen but a few, bear something of the earlier man's massive pattern transformed into a more modern type as befitted a younger artist sensitive to the scintillation of color. In them also is a quality of decorative lightness more ethereal than Ryder's; but in addition there was evident a desire to beautify by rich ornament; and this desire marked a gulf between the temperaments of the two men. These first canvases were landscapes—conventional depictions of massively outlined mountains down which the heavy contrasting yellows and blues seemed to pour like torrents. Since then Hartley has gone through many metamorphoses. To-day he is more or less of a mystic who endeavors to transmit to the spectator, by abstract groupings of lines and by contoural shapes and colors, the causative stimuli he has received before nature as an experience. In other words, he tries to translate into abstract terms, which serve as symbols, his emotions before concrete nature. He is heartily against any method or precise explanation of his own art or that of the great masters of the past. To him art is indefinable, an emanation of the inner need, a highly personal system of obscure dictates which create the seen work from promptings of what Groos calls *Miterleben.* Like Kandinsky in paint and Maeterlinck in literature, Hartley senses the profound affinities between objective stimuli and their all but sub-conscious reactions, and he seeks, by cul-

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tivating a hypersensitivity, to transmit these parallels to the highly motor individual. He has not yet found precisely his temperamental expression, and like all serious men is striving for a more satisfactory form of expression which will answer in a more direct way to his inner promptings. At present there is in his work an immaturity, a suggestion of things to come, a promise of something relatively decisive. His greatest need is for a self-imposed discipline and for a greater care in color harmonies.

S. Macdonald-Wright.—Macdonald-Wright is one of the few American painters who has achieved a reputation abroad as well as in America for an originality of vision wholly uncontaminated by the influences of his contemporaries. In 1912 he, with Morgan Russell, founded the school of Synchromism which was the last step toward making pictures a pure art no longer dependent on objectivity for its emotional appeal. He found the plastic relation between form and color, and based his art on subjective tactile sensations alone, much as music is constructed. Since his first essays into this field of endeavor he has progressed rapidly through many steps. In the present exhibition there is an example of his work of two years ago when he was still interested in the development of the motif form of composition; and there is also his latest canvas in which he has passed beyond simple melodic presentations to the polyphony of form, that is, to the intricate counterpointal conception wherein various subordinated motives result in one melody which dominates the composition. This canvas is not an unqualified success, for the choice of his form type (the circle) becomes monotonous and forces itself upon one as too arbitrary. However, in his striving toward a purer form, certain compromises in details have had to be made in order to achieve a oneness of result. Were he already master of his expression we might quibble with him on his choice, but since he has undertaken the most difficult type of creation (both as to inspiration and to total disseverance from traditional forms), much can be forgiven him. Call this canvas, if you will, a divagation from the direct path of his progress,—nevertheless there is in it a marked improvement both as to vision and execution of significant color harmony. In all of Macdonald-Wright's work I feel a magistral creative ability—the masculine order of

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parts and the virility of complete color scales. At times these chromatic gamuts are hard, at others they lack diversity; but throughout the work are a vitality of conception and an intelligent penetration to fundamentals, which indicate the thinking man as well as the artist. The marked inconsistencies of his art repudiate the idea that he invents with his intelligence rather than creates by means of his sensitivity to form. His remarkable *graphic* ability is to be seen in his drawings which, while at first sight they do not appear extraordinary, on longer study take on a new and highly plastic significance.

John Marin.—Of Marin I have written much before. From the first view I had of his charmingly ordered art I was a firm believer in his artistic ability. Of his color there is little to say. He has not paid the attention to its harmonic relations that he has to the construction of his nearly abstract form divisions, and its fragmentariness has a disquieting effect on us sometimes where a purity of tint is used. On the formal side of his work such criticism does not hold. From his first water-colors of landscapes and seascapes, he has evolved, through hard study and concentration, to one of the most important men wielding his medium. In the Forum Exhibition are to be seen distinct steps toward his present achievement. To laud one painting at the expense of another, or to criticize his work as a whole, would be to usurp the sphere of those critics who are always on the *qui vive* for quick and premature judgments. As yet Marin is not fully matured. By this I do not mean that he is a student or a disciple: I mean that he is still evolving toward a prime, at which period I shall be happy to point him out as one of our foremost artists. Matisse, Picasso, even the aged Renoir are still evolving; Matisse is even radically changing. The American artists are not exceptions to this salutory development. Indeed, Marin is just now beginning to feel a security in that path which his sensitivity has dictated that he follow. Like distant echoes the influences of the Chinese and of Cézanne make themselves felt in his art; but these influences are more in the nature of admiration than of active impulses which have guided him. His painting and conception are almost entirely free from the influences so obvious in the great bulk of modern work; and the artist who

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can arrive at the point to which Marin has carried his formal conceptions has much to look forward to.

Alfred Maurer.—Maurer gives us a simpler art than do such men as Hartley, Man Ray and Dove, but it is not less beautiful than theirs. Maurer's one preoccupation is to beautify every square inch of the canvas on which he depicts his poetized representations of subject. I can imagine him using nature much as an engine uses a track, merely to hold him to recognizable creation. Certainly he has none of the Impressionistic desire to depict either nature's light or color, as such. To him nature is a motif, a simple motif like a subdued melody out of which the musician, by addition and development, constructs a sonata. It is an excuse to bring beautiful and harmonious colors into juxtaposition so that the total result will be a pattern of color contours which, while giving one the happiness one feels before a beautiful landscape, will also contain something of the abstract quest after an impersonal beauty. Maurer's greatest inspiration as to method and appearance is the great modern *Fauve,* Matisse: like him Maurer essays the creation of works of art as in contradistinction to depictions of nature. Matisse, in the last three years, has been undergoing a further metamorphosis, so it is still within the realm of possibility that Maurer also will take a further step to more intellectually profound inspiration. At present I cannot recall a more wholly pleasing painter of pictures which appeal to the layman as well as the amateur of art. Maurer is a man with a talent as charming and subtle as Whistler's. His works are expanses of pure joyous color, suitable to beautify any interior.

Henry L. McFee.—McFee is one of the most highly talented men of America. He has passed through many stages, all fraught with a personal outlook and execution, until now he has come abreast of the best of the Cubists. Many people object to the title " Cubists," so I will explain what I mean by the word. Cubism introduced into art several individual tricks of painting based on observation. One of them was the conscious contrasting of angular and straight lines to the curve; another, the degradation of light to shadow from a hard sharp edge to a daintily modulated and disappearing extent of surface. Also, not un-

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derstanding the functioning of color, the Cubists used certain cold and warm tones with black and white, thereby giving their works a somewhat superficially similar appearance. So with McFee. He makes use of these etiquettes of the Picasso group to construct highly sensitive organizations of forms into rhythmic compositions of objects. I have seen some that are fully as good as some Picassos, possessed of the same poetic quality of rhythmic light which, similar to tempo in music, flutters like a bird's wings. In McFee's work, despite its sombre tones, there seems to be a trembling, hovering light which charms our eyes as do the colors in an Impressionist picture. There is a life of the planes, all interwoven by line, which appears to make the picture move. McFee has a very charming sense of values in the grouping of masses, and on the whole is one of the most talented members of our modern school. Particularly interesting to the æsthetician is the feeling that McFee's next step will determine his ultimate expression. In his present work there is an impending power which seems ever on the threshold of realization. He is on the point of attaining a more conclusive and individual method of expression which will free him from the bonds of other men and make him a creator of his own moments.

George F. Of.—Of is frankly a painter of nature. In his foreword he says his ambition is to make a thing of joy for the beholder. His methods, as I have pointed out before, are those of Cézanne, expressed with a technique somewhat like Renoir's. Glackens also uses the surface method of the French master, but in comparing the work of this academician with Of we see instantly that with Glackens it is superimposed, as a trait, on a thin drawing, while with Of it is a natural method of expressing himself. Of uses it because he feels a personal need for just such a technique: Glackens makes use of it to attract attention and differentiate himself from others. Of has come very near to achieving his ambition, for before his work we vibrate with the same pleasure that we feel before the out-of-doors, and at the same time we have a distinct emotion of tactile form. In this respect he stands with Renoir between Cézanne and Monet, partaking of both. His one drawback to producing the highest art is his lack of knowledge of rhythmic composition. Volume he achieves

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by the use of pure piquant, but that all-enveloping rhythm which would make significant form of his volume, he rarely masters. Along the line of composition should lie his future study, for now he mirrors in his work a real æsthetic fervor for the beautiful. As he stands to-day he is America's best landscapist, and with a little more profound study he would take his place among the best landscapists of Europe as well. After seeing his work in the Forum Exhibition I am more than ever ready to uphold my original opinion of him and declare him a man of vastly underestimated ability. Some of his pastel still-lives are worthy of a place in any collection.

Man Ray.—In the latest work of Man Ray the casual observer would see the influence of Picasso's thought, whereas in reality the result arrived at, though it does stem from the great Spaniard, is the result of a totally different mental attitude. Picasso has ever been the slave of objectivity, no matter how broken up or distorted his canvases may appear. Man Ray merely uses certain phases of objects in order to have a convenient and well-known type of form with which to work. Between the two men is a vast gulf. Picasso works toward abstraction from very simple, solid, every-day objects, while Ray's desire to create is inspired less by nature than by thought. He cares little with what forms he erects his ordinances: it is the creation which is all-absorbing to the artist, and it is the result, the complete offspring of his thought, that interests him. Ray has passed many stages along the road of his development. Some of the later French painters of figure composition have influenced him, as well as Picasso in certain works exposed a while ago at Daniel's. Even a man so slight as Picabia has had a hand in Ray's painting. But from out the work of student days he has come to guide his own star. Personal problems he has set himself to solve, believing, like all artists, that salvation lies in such solutions. One of his principal preoccupations is with the diversity and order of piquant texture. Indeed, it is in his accomplishment of this, one of his cardinal qualities, that lies any sense of emotional depth he may give us. Ray believes that painting, being done on a two-dimensional surface, should satisfy itself with this flat restraint; and he has set himself to beautify his canvas even

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more diligently than if he were a sculptor. That he has penetrated far into the fundamental problems of formal order in two dimensions is undeniable. That he has achieved much on the way is quite as evident. In all his work there is a sensitivity to greys of the more softly harmonious kind, and a progress toward massive line-forms which give promise of a greater extent in his future work. Let it be noted, however, that his expression thus far is not in advance of his technical ability; and his very approximation toward a complete finish gives his work an appearance of finality.

Morgan Russell.—Russell has a talent large enough to carry him to great heights. He was the first man to paint a canvas in which there was no objective characteristics, and, with S. Macdonald-Wright, he stands at the head of the color art of our day. Russell approached the new vision of Synchromism through the study of the significance of chromatic sensation, and has gone rapidly on, though not always directly, ever since. At present, not satisfied with the results he was obtaining, he has gone back, to start over, as it were. In the Forum Exhibition he presents us with two small archaic canvases which, he says, is the beginning of a further cycle in his development. As experimentations they are undoubtedly interesting and genuine; they are even complete and satisfying works of a highly sensitive artist, but they do not give us the high emotion we receive from such works as his *Still-Life Synchromy* and some of his smaller paintings along purer lines. His color sense is always harmonious—indeed, one sometimes feels the lack of acid collisions, of hard and brutal juxtapositions which would vitalize schemes which now are sometimes too softly monotonous. His comprehension of the problems of composition, and his deep insight into the works of the old masters, place him, with Macdonald-Wright, in a unique eminence among the younger men of to-day. With him, as well as with the rest of the men of this exhibition, one does not feel that he has as yet satisfied himself with his expression. But this is due to the fact that he has set himself so lofty a goal that the road is much longer than the usual one taken by more easily satisfied painters. His drawings deserve special notice. In them is that realization of form to be found only in the great

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work which results from years of research and study, and from a highly developed sensitivity to volume organized into functioning rhythm.

Charles Sheeler.—In some of Sheeler's works the spectator who demands a certain amount of realistic representation can find outlines which will satisfy him by calling up houses, trees, etc. In other of this painter's work (and I am inclined to think his best work) there is nothing on which the reactionary, ever in need of an illustrative idea, can fall back. In these latter pictures there is a purely æsthetic appeal. They possess much intelligent thought and analytic segregation, but the analysis comes as a result of picture necessity, and the thought is merely an ordered perception. Sheeler's work is not fabricated in the sense of "invented." It is from his feeling for related angles, lines, curves and colors, that his pictures have evolved. Tintoretto was a great composer, but he was a small and inconsequential artist because he defined his compositional plan and then bent every energy toward carrying it out. In other words, he invented; he did not create: his abilities were so much wasted effort, so far as our reactions before his work go. Sheeler has not fallen into this mistake—a mistake which nearly all modern artists have been accused of. He is too intelligent to have stayed in a position where many men have gone under—the position from which art is wrenched from the active mind. He has profited by their unfortunate example. I believe Sheeler to be an artist who creates. The occasionally subtle harmonies of his sombre canvases attest to the fact that he is not working by a system of either painting or thought. He is conscious that all great art is the inevitable expression of some basic order of life. The every-day action of our lives, the ability to perceive order in the seasons, is only a reflection in man of his own organization and unity. Sheeler has struck a resounding note in modern American art, and for what he will do, as well as for what he has done, he deserves unstinted praise. He has penetrated far into the functioning mind of the great masters of the past, and while not accepting their raiment, acknowledges their wisdom.

A. Walkowitz.—Among the strangest and most serious of modern art stands the work of Walkowitz. Its strangeness lies

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in its total detachment from the easily recognized methods of the modern leaders and in its slowness and reticence in giving itself to the spectator. At first sight there is merely a medley of harmonious lines, done for the most part in crayon and pencil, which on closer study resolve themselves into the salient contoural forms of the human body, landscape, portrait and still-life. Thus from his work one receives the emotion of form while dispensing with the actual objective model. Strangely enough, there are traces of admiration for the ancient masters in both the simplest and most complex of Walkowitz's pictures. In one work, for example, is found the frieze form of composition even more simply stated than in the Byzantine mosaics: here Walkowitz has utilized the full human figure (as one utilizes flowers) in an ordered decoration whose colors and drawing, while simple to a great extent, attract and impel further study. In other of his later works there are the complicated linear organizations of Michelangeloesque nudes, worked into subtle and intricate plays of space filling. Consequently these require greater concentration, and, as a result, give greater æsthetic pleasure when visualized. Walkowitz uses nature as an inspiration for a highly abstract method of creation; and in him are many of the traits which have become familiar to us in the works of Picasso. In fact, his talent is not dissimilar to Picasso's, though perhaps a bit more robust. His gradations of tone are like poems of light and shadow, and it is not difficult to see that this artist has had more extensive self-training on the profounder side of draughtsmanship than many American artists who enjoy a wider reputation. In all his work there is a sense of qualitatively limitless space which only comes to one whose knowledge of form is extended. For him I predict a future equaled by few of this country, both as to his color and his work in black and white.

William and Marguerite Zorach.—Mr. and Mrs. Zorach work together, in much the same manner, both with a common ideal of making highly decorative pictures. William Zorach has a more robust talent than Marguerite Zorach, in the sense that his painting is more masculinely direct and plastic. Their work has to do almost entirely with fantastic imageries which

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recall a more Latin Stuch or Böcklin. In their pictures are woven legends and fairy tales, painted in delicate and sometimes charming greys. Their designs for fans are exceptionally lovely, and I do not know of an artist to-day, Conder excepted, who can compete with them as illustrators of the youthful thoughts of the world. It is for such people to revolutionize our present-day prosaic interiors and make of them something imaginatively gay, something which will be conducive to joyful reactions. Also in the Zorachs' work is that requisite strain of peasant directness which permeates all primitive expression of this kind, though there are never present the glaring inharmonies of raucous color so common in peasant art. Their paintings are subdued, chalky almost, and grey, like some of the more subtle Japanese prints. Like the pictures of Gauguin, the work of these two artists is merely the inspiration to trains of romantic thoughts, the stepping-stone to day-dreams of a golden age such as we imagine in our youth. Its greatest worth lies in the beautifying of the home: its greys are restful, and it possesses a quaintness and charm very welcome in our day of febrile research, noise and traffic.

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OUT OF JAIL

BEATRICE REDPATH

THIS morning they had turned him out
Into this dizzy reel and rout
Of blazing sunshine and of wind
That sent him staggering and blind.
Oh, years it was since he had seen
The swollen furrows ache with green
And now to scan the toppling skies
Brought the sharp tears up to his eyes,
And so to smell the scented fume
That rose from off the fields of bloom,
And know the wind upon his face.

God, put a man within that place
To teach him what was true and right,
To shut him out from sun and light,
Where only crime may enter in,
And every face is marked with sin. . . .
The years had taught him how to hate—
Long years he'd had to cultivate
Malice towards all and love towards none.
A fool he'd been when he'd begun.
He knew of love and kindness then—
A man who loved his fellowmen.
But love and kindliness soon die
When one is shut out from the sky,
And hatred creeps into a heart
When sympathy and love depart.

Oh, just to feel the firm warm ground,
To hear the insects whirring sound,
To watch the breezes tip-toe run
Along the grasses to the sun;
To hear the birds' wings strike the air

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And see the soft and timid hare
Leap startled to a covert glade;
To see the trees lay down their shade
With such quiet care upon the ground;
To feel life pulsing all around!
He felt his whole heart brimming full;
He knew the earth's insistent pull.
That life still held for him all this
Did damage to his bitterness;
But God, would only hate depart
And let love back into his heart!

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ECCE HOMO

BENJAMIN ROSENBLATT

LONG, long ago there was a king who considered himself omnipotent. His body was huge, his head massive, and his chin and cheeks were covered by a growth of beard every hair of which bristled with authority. He ruled over a vast kingdom which was really made grand and glorious by his worthy grandfather. But our king liked to waive this insignificant detail, and to speak regularly three times a day of the empire he made great; and his counsellors, with the same regularity, placidly shook their high turbans up and down, which said: "Yes, indeed, your majesty."

That he was wise and that he was a great poet all conceded, for did he not trace his royal lineage to Solomon, whose genius none could gainsay? What wonder then that whatever he did he considered right?

His palace was of white Carrara marble, and it took ten thousand slaves twenty years to build it; his throne was of gold; and on his high turban he wore a plume to distinguish him from the common people. When that plume waved angrily the teeth of the men in his body-guard chattered in their mouths with a noise like that of hailstones in the forest.

The older the king grew the more haughty he became, and the more he tried to impress his own manners and customs on all the neighboring tribes.

One night as the king slept in his tent, after a hard day's manœuvering with his soldiers, he saw himself in a dream as the leader of mankind; and all the nations bowed to his will, and quaked at his stare. When he awoke he would not say it was a dream; nay, he would have killed instantly the man who had dared to tell him he had slept. It was reality, he persuaded himself, not a dream.

His austerity of brow was multiplied a thousandfold. To gather a vast army, with swords, clubs, bows and arrows, became his passion. Every subject must become a soldier. Babies in their cradles were given little knives and clubs for playthings;

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and as soon as they could toddle were taught to march in uniform. All must end as his dream had shown. Who would dare to say him nay! And the wise counsellors placidly shook their turbans up and down, up and down, which meant: "Yes, indeed, your majesty."

But in the course of time a rumor reached the royal ears that rebels swarmed among his subjects. They heard of a great country across the mountains where all were free, and it pleased them to demand the same liberties. "This isn't true; I must be sleeping now," the king murmured, and smiled contentedly. Still the numbers of the rebels grew. They denied his greatness, questioned his wisdom, flouted his omnipotence. The king's early dream, which he called reality, began to be disturbed. "Am I not the wisest?" he demanded; and among the turbans waving assent, there was one that did not move. "Off with his head," the king roared. It helped but little. From the midst of his own followers mutineers arose, and they proved that the king but followed an old dream, and that his militarism must bring destruction. "None must join the army," they declared far and wide. "War is always ruinous. All men are brothers!" What was worse, they claimed that the plumed turban on the king's head really belonged to the hat-maker; and his palace of Carrara marble to the slaves who built it.

"This is all a dream," the king thought, as with maddened energy he drilled his diminishing troops. Nevertheless the new reality troubled him. At times dark misgivings stole over his soul. "Is what I saw so clearly years ago to be but the dream?" he thought. And he imagined that one morning when he blew his bugle none would appear—no rhythmic thump of feet, no neighing of brave steeds, no shields flashing in the sun —nothing but silence, dead silence. His mighty being shook as in convulsions. His faith in the old reality and in the present dream seemed to recede as do the stars in the early dawn. A sterner reality loomed upon him, and his mind became unsettled. . . . "The rebels, . . . my dream, . . ." his body-guard often heard him cry in his delirium.

And then it chanced that the king found a pretext for war with the happy and enlightened tribe across the mountains. He

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clutched at it eagerly. He wished to test his powers. Again he lay at night in his tent, as he had lain long ago when first came to him the dream he made his reality. The first battle was raging. At a distance he saw the sky lurid with the flames of the homes of the enemy, which his soldiers were burning. There came to him from afar a murmur of many voices upraised; and he thought it sounded like the loud protest of the rebels, the lovers of brotherhood; and he saw them rise in hordes against him. The plume on his turban was wildly agitated; and his body-guard paled as they looked at him. Thus he awaited news from the field.

There came galloping a dust-covered, blood-stained rider. "The rebels, O King!" he gasped.

"What about them?" said the king, and he trembled so violently that the turban fell off his head, and his long hair covered his eyes.

"O King, all the rebels, and all their prophets, are fighting in our front ranks, in the ranks of your majesty. They cry: 'Our country: the wisest, the richest, the best. Death to the savages!'"

For a long time the king stared and stared. "The rebellion was all a vision then?" he murmured to himself. "And the dream of long ago? How? How?" He caught his head in his hands. Then he began to laugh, soft and low; and his mind completely gave way. For lo! the king knew not which was the dream and which was the reality.

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PAN-AMERICAN MISUNDERSTANDINGS

Unfavorable Factors in the Relations Between the United States and Latin America

ANTONIO LLANO

OF the many factors affecting the relations, commercial and others, between the United States and Latin America, the psychological factor is one of the most important. By the psychological factor I mean the attitude of mind of the American and the Latin American towards each other. It is, broadly speaking, an unsympathetic attitude, which prevents or greatly lessens that mutual respect and esteem that are indispensable to sincere friendship and without which intercourse between nation and nation, as between man and man, grows with exceeding slowness, within very narrow limits, and without sufficient support for stability.

Mutual ignorance, which has often been deprecatingly mentioned, and for the cure of which some superficial remedies have been suggested and even applied, is a very obvious cause of this unfortunate attitude. Many Latin Americans, among them several diplomats of note, incline to the opinion that the ignorance may be described rather as one-sided than as mutual. They say that, whereas the average Latin American is fairly familiar with the geography, history and leading men and conditions of the United States, the average American knows very little about the southern countries. This statement seems to be true, but the truth of it by no means proves the American to be educationally inferior. His comparative ignorance in this respect is simply and naturally explained by the comparative unimportance of the Latin American countries in the general affairs of the world. One readily understands why a native of Bogota is more interested in New York than a native of New York in Bogota. The Latin American himself usually knows more about Alexander and his conquests, Cæsar and Brutus, Napoleon and his marshals, than about his national heroes, except perhaps those who fought in the wars of independence.

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While this lack of information is excusable and explicable in the average American, the case is quite different with those who seek or have found in Latin America a field for their activities. Diplomats and other government officials, manufacturers and other business men who have chosen Latin American matters of one kind or another as specialties, belong to this class. It is reasonable to expect that they should have that accurate and even extensive knowledge which characterizes specialists and makes their success, and equally reasonable to express surprise at their deficiency in this respect. But here it seems that the deficiency is not altogether one-sided, and that the ignorance of the American is not much greater than that of his southern brother; indeed, I am inclined to think that, with the exception of the language, it is not so great. I refer here to a knowledge of details; for, as I have already stated, and owing to the reasons I have pointed out, the Latin American has a better general knowledge of the United States than the American has of Latin America.

Among these details, the language is one of the most important. American commercial men travel in Spanish America, for the purpose of making sales or purchases or establishing permanent relations, who are absolutely ignorant of Spanish and expect to deal in English, either directly or through interpreters, with their prospective customers or business friends. In the field of official representation it is common for the American government to send to Spanish America, as its representatives, men who do not know Spanish nor even French, the latter language being almost universally recognized as the proper substitute wherever a diplomat's native language is not understood, and he cannot use that of the country to which he is accredited. So, too, many Latin Americans, ministers and ambassadors among them, come to transact business in the United States without knowing even the first rudiments of English. Some of them are sufficiently ambitious and energetic to learn it; others, perhaps the majority, spend year after year in the United States, and return to their countries as ignorant of the language as when they came. Within the last few years, an American who knew neither the language nor the people of Spanish America was sent to a Spanish Ameri-

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can republic as the representative and confidential agent of his government, charged with a most delicate mission involving matters of the greatest moment; while another Spanish American republic sent to the United States, to conduct negotiations relating to things and events that affected even the integrity of his country, a man as ignorant of the language and people of the United States as the above-mentioned American was of those of Spanish America. It is surprising, and indeed seems almost incredible, that so little importance should be attached to knowledge which, in such circumstances as these, one would deem essential.

It is a fact, however, that so far as the language is concerned, comparison favors the Latin Americans; for, notwithstanding that they are fewer, the number of them who know English is far greater than the number of Americans who know Spanish. To this it may be added that the Latin American of average education who does not speak French is rare, whereas the American of average education who speaks any other language than his own is as rare. Foreign languages, both ancient and modern, are much taught in the United States, and yet they are not much learned. The causes of this seeming paradox are: first, the excessive extension which is to-day one of the characteristics of American education, and which is inconsistent with thoroughness; secondly, the fact that those who study foreign languages do not use them, sometimes from lack of time, but perhaps oftener from lack of inclination. In nearly all Latin American countries, students are obliged to make constant use of French and often of English, for many of the adopted textbooks on history, physics, chemistry, mathematics, engineering, medicine and other subjects are in one of those languages. It seems that a similar plan might be advantageously followed in the United States, at least partly. If, for instance, French books were used in connection with American books for the study of universal and French history, students and teachers would not only keep and improve their knowledge of the language, but acquire that broadness of mind which comes from contact with writers of different nationalities. It would not be difficult to find Spanish books that could be similarly used, and it might be worth

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while to have some such books prepared for the instruction of special students.

The lack of familiarity of the American and the Latin American with each other's language not only gives rise to much waste of time and money and many other practical difficulties, but forms a very wide and deep chasm between them. Few things make a person seem so remote from us as to hear him speak in a tongue that we do not understand. Nor is this all. Ignorance of a country's language involves ignorance of the inward, intimate life of the country's people; and this ignorance, which limits observation to externals, is the cause of many misapprehensions and consequent erroneous generalizations, more usually unfavorable than favorable. Our attention is naturally more attracted by those things which are strange than by those to which we are accustomed; and of strange things, those which seem shocking nearly always make a deeper and more lasting impression, and are more likely to control one's judgment and general estimates, than those which are pleasing. A knowledge of the language does not always correct these impressions in a foreigner, yet it seldom fails to modify them in very great measure; for it enables him to associate intimately with the natives, look into their souls, find there many good qualities that cannot be perceived otherwise, and strike a just balance between outward form and intrinsic worth. All this tends to change his first and subsequent judgments, not only because he sees things better but also and mainly because he looks at them with kindliness.

Another cause of the slow growth of sympathetic feeling between the two races is the comparative youth of their countries and the consequent dearth of traditions, great historical events, and works of science, art and literature. Even if a man is not a scholar nor very well read, he has at least heard of Shakespeare, Milton, Byron, Nelson and Trafalgar, Wellington and Waterloo, Newton and Darwin; of Richelieu, Louis XIV, Robespierre and the Reign of Terror, Napoleon and Austerlitz and Marengo, Balzac, Hugo, Laplace, Pasteur; of Goethe, Kant, Frederick the Great, Bismarck; of the Roman Cæsars, Dante, Galileo, Garibaldi; and he knows that the countries where these famous men lived and these famous events happened are the

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homes of many famous painters, sculptors and composers; and rich in historical mementoes and noble works of art of all kinds. He will go to those countries favorably predisposed, and, even if he finds in them much that does not conform to his taste, his habits, or his ideals, his disapproval will be greatly tempered by his previously acquired feelings of respect, admiration and perhaps love. It is hardly necessary to say that such is not the case with the countries of the New World. The Latin American is familiar with the names and work of Washington and Lincoln, Franklin and Jefferson, Morse and Fulton, and a few other illustrious Americans; while the American knows of Porfirio Diaz and has perhaps heard of Bolivar, the liberator of five nations. But such men and the events with which they are identified, though far more numerous in the United States than in the Latin countries of America, are relatively few, and, lacking besides the background of art and literature which alone would have immortalized the native lands of Pericles, the Cæsars, Elizabeth or Louis XIV, are insufficient to create that rosy atmosphere which colors all things.

I have alluded above to hasty and unwarranted generalizations, which are very common and far-reaching. They arise partly from ignorance and to a very great extent from that unsympathetic attitude to which I have referred and which is at once cause and effect of those generalizations. There are in Latin America many ignorant men; indeed, the great majority of the masses are absolutely illiterate; they can neither read nor write, and, although intelligent, honest and industrious, they have no idea or a very vague idea of the achievements, either mental or physical, of modern civilization. The American hastily concludes that all Latin Americans, if not in that condition, are not far removed from it; he accordingly treats them with contempt and overbearing rudeness, and as they are exceedingly sensitive and proud, he arouses, or rather strengthens, their ill will and antagonism. In this he acts unwisely and unjustly; for the average educated Latin American, with whom alone he has to deal, is at least as well educated as he. The educations of the two, however, are usually different, that of the American being more practical, and that of the Latin more intellectual and

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esthetic; and this disparity is another powerful cause of mutual strangeness.

In his turn the Latin American, misled by the ignorance and vulgarity displayed by the representatives of many American firms, as well as by the evidently excessive importance that Americans attach to commercial matters, hastily concludes and offensively proclaims that the United States is a land of coarse and unscrupulous traffickers and churlish boors, unfeeling and unpolished, and strangers to all generous sentiments and lofty ideals. He, too, is unjust, and his injustice, like that of the American, is the effect of both ignorance and prejudice. If it is true that the American, as he himself realizes and acknowledges, is often lacking in those outward forms that are usually regarded as marks of good breeding, his moral standards are of the highest; and his heart is noble and freer from malice and suspicion, rancor and jealousy, than that of most other men. He perhaps leads the world in acts of genuine charity, and that beautiful virtue does not germinate nor grow in low breasts.

Probably the most sweeping and pernicious generalizations are those that relate to the political life and aspirations of the respective countries. The Latin American republics have passed or are passing through a series of civil wars whose immediate results have often been ruin and desolation, misery in all its forms, despotism or anarchy; in which spoliation, murder and other crimes have been frequent, and in which men of low passions of all kinds have sought and found the means to indulge them at the expense of the public good. These conditions are doubtless very common; they are plainly visible to the seeing eye; and the observer who, because he does not look carefully, does not see below the surface, easily mistakes them for the main features, the main causes or effects, the main actions and prompting motives by which such struggles and their participants may be justly characterized and as justly judged. His conclusions are *natural but wrong; they follow from his premises, but his* premises are not facts. Nearly all Latin American revolutions, which Americans have grown accustomed to loathe or laugh at, owe their origin to love of liberty and justice; a love which, from the excitable temperament of the race, frequently grows into

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bigoted and violent passion, becomes blind and leads to excess, but which is none the less a noble feeling and aspiration. Whether the people shall govern themselves through their elected representatives or be ruled by usurping oligarchs and military dictators; whether speech and the press shall be free or shall be controlled by the will of one man or the arbitrary judgment of a privileged political or religious class; whether there shall be religious liberty and separation of church and state, or only one religion or sect shall have protection and be recognized and imposed on the state as part of the government itself; whether education shall be sectarian, and whether it shall be directed or controlled by church dignitaries and religious organizations; whether all industries shall be free, or the government shall have the monopoly of leading industries; whether political opinions shall by themselves entail forfeiture of constitutional rights; whether there shall be free stipulation of currency between contracting parties, or the government's currency, however depreciated, shall alone be permitted; whether taxation shall be general and equitable or discriminating: it is these and other kindred matters that agitate the Latin Americans, and it is to settle them that they often go to war. That the disputed questions are not at once settled, and that new battles must be constantly fought is unfortunately true. The victors, carried as much by a fanatic love of their cause as by the animosities kindled and fanned by the struggle, maintain towards the vanquished rather a policy of revengeful reprisals than one of conciliation, thus provoking them to rebellion and a renewal of the strife; nor are the occasions rare when principles are ignored or forgotten, and victory turned to the indulgence of unworthy passions. Yet it is for high principles and transcendent policies that the great majority of the people engage in these wars. The chief commanders are generally men of undoubted honesty and patriotism, frequently men of great wealth, which they willingly sacrifice, together with their lives, in the interests of their country. The other officers are for the most part students of the universities and young lawyers, engineers and physicians, free alike from want and from selfish political ambitions, the sons of the wealthiest and of the most distinguished citizens. It is unjust to brand such soldiers

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as bandits, and such wars as scrambles for spoils. Exceptions there are, and many; but they are the admixture of evil that inheres in all things. There is venom in the sweet bee, and the fair sun has freckles.

Liberty once established may be maintained at no dearer price than vigilance; but to establish it costs blood. Such has been the lesson of history from the oldest times to these. Americans may think they have been almost exempt from that cruel law, since during the life of their nation only once has the sword been made the arbiter of their domestic differences. No doubt their nation as such has been so exempt, but not their race. They inherited the fundamentals of liberty and constitutional government from the mother country, and were not obliged to fight for them; but their ancestors, they who bequeathed this precious inheritance, did not receive it from kind nature as a process of peaceful evolution: they conquered it with blood and iron, after long periods of cruel internecine strife. When the English became Americans, they had already fought the great battles and paid the price of liberty; but the battles were fought and the price was paid none the less.

No such good luck fell to the Americans of the south. Their ancestors had been as unfamiliar as they with civil liberties and constitutional government. Their countries had been oppressed and otherwise misgoverned for centuries; and after independence was achieved, many of their leading men still adhered to the principles underlying the government of the mother country; the old principles and beliefs which, with the exception of England, had prevailed in Europe up to the outbreak of the French Revolution, and continued to prevail in Spain for many years after. It has been to eradicate these principles and beliefs, or at least the political system to which they lead, and which is incompatible with freedom, that the greatest civil wars of Latin America have been fought and are still being fought. The main stream has often been deflected from its right course; alien elements have often intruded and made it turbid; and so it has seemed at times that, all principles and noble sentiments having disappeared, the struggle has degenerated into the rows of unruly and conscienceless anarchy. Such things are natural, and

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that they must occur in these gigantic movements, where there are so many forces in action, is obvious. But the main stream flows on, even through devious channels, towards the one goal—liberty.

The political problems of Latin America have been further complicated by ethnical conditions. The chill Briton, sobered perhaps by the unloving climate of his island, lacked the excessive erotism which has always distinguished the sons of southern Europe; and neither affection nor appetite prompted him to mix his race with the conquered race; nor did his aristocratic exclusiveness permit him to associate with the natives, whom he regarded as unworthy of his friendship and even of his kindly treatment. Quite different was the case with the Spaniards. At the time of the wars of independence, the population of the colonies was much mixed, not only by sexual intercourse but also by social intercourse, many pure Indians having gradually risen to the level of the Europeans and become part of the leading classes. Although nearly all the patriots who planned and led those wars were of unalloyed Spanish blood, they chose to include the Indian among their countrymen, and to emancipate and uplift rather than destroy him. Unlike the old Roman patricians and the English colonists of the North, those patriots, animated by the noble if exaggerated doctrines of the French Revolution, wished freedom and independence for all human beings, not for their caste alone. This no doubt lessened the difficulties of the struggle against the mother country, but greatly enhanced the difficulties of the subsequent constructive work. As an example of the spirit that has guided such work I may refer to the abolition of slavery, which in several Latin American countries was generously and peacefully accomplished long before the bloody war that freed the American Union from that cruel institution. The history of law of all kinds records few sentences so grand in their simplicity, so touching or so eloquent in their conciseness, as the following article of an old Colombian constitution:

"Art. XIII. There shall be no slaves in the United States of Colombia." ("No habrá esclavos en los Estados Unidos de Colombia.")

I have dwelt at some length on the Latin American revolu-

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tions because their underlying causes as well as their seeming barrenness of beneficial results are generally misunderstood by Americans. That barrenness is, as I have advisedly said, only seeming. Much progress has been made and many problems have been solved, but because of the unfavorable conditions which I have described, the forward and upward motion has been so gradual, and the retrogressions and falls so many, that only a careful and unbiased eye can see the good fruits of the laborious struggle slowly ripening. The American, forgetful that all civilized nations have passed through worse and longer struggles before attaining their present stage, is wont to consider the revolutions of Latin America as a chronic distemper peculiar to its people, and a symptom of incapacity to establish permanently the principles and practice of good government. He compares the rapid development of his country with the slow and painful development of the Latin American countries, and, not taking into account that when the race began, Latin America was handicapped by centuries of ignorance and misrule, wonders why it is so far behind. In some parts the handicap has been greatly lessened by immigration. It is hardly necessary to say that the statements made in this article can not be applied to those parts without many qualifications. Here I am dealing with the general conditions obtaining in the greater part of Latin America, not with the special conditions of a few regions to which nature has been partial.

Unfortunately, this impatience with the slow progress and constant disturbances of the southern republics, and this uncharitable and unsympathetic attitude towards their failings, even towards those failings with which Americans themselves are sorely afflicted, are shared by many leading Americans and continually voiced by many leading American newspapers and periodicals; and bad things which are common in the United States, if found or assumed in any Latin American country, are unfairly described as characteristics peculiar to all Latin American countries. Americans are not strangers to that political corruption, at times incredibly vile, which pollutes all systems of government, and especially democracy; and yet they see in it, when it occurs or is assumed to occur in Latin America, an unmistakable mark of

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either barbarism or premature degeneracy. More than once Colombia, which for over a century was the most sincere and devoted friend of the United States, has been denounced as a land of half-civilized bandits and extortioners by the best known American of the present day; Mexico and Central America are frequently the objects of similar insults, though on different grounds; nor do other Latin American countries fail to receive like treatment on occasion.

It is the prevailing opinion in the United States that the Latin American nations are inferior nations and should be treated as such. Hence the equally prevailing view that it is the moral right and the duty of the United States to exercise over them a paternal supervision and, either directly or indirectly, regulate some of their affairs. Such views and the consequent conduct are the cause of many evils; they are constantly irritating stimuli which, keeping unfriendly feelings alive, prevent the growth of friendship. This attitude of Americans arises from a very natural confusion. Gauged by the standards of modern civilization, the Latin American nations are doubtless very inferior nations. But their peoples are not inferior peoples (I refer to the influential and ruling classes). The educated men of those nations are the equals of the Americans and of all other civilized men in culture and intelligence, and being sensitive and proud almost to quixotism, resent a treatment which, however noble its motives, implies their inferiority and incapacity. Their political ideals and aspirations are not different from those of the Americans, and they are striving, confronted by enormous difficulties, to realize them. But, loving independence above all, they wish and expect to work out their own destiny by themselves, and all interference, even if benevolently intended, is to them offensive and otherwise unwelcome meddling. Far from grateful, they feel wounded by acts which, although prompted by kindness, they regard as humiliating, patronizing, and as a form of intrusion on their sovereignty and independence. Even Cuba, where the generous American blood that gave her freedom has hardly dried, feels no gratitude; for the independence she received was partial and conditioned; and although this limitation was no doubt intended for her good and may be to her lasting

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benefit, it is an implied declaration, which she resents, of the inferiority of her people. The very iteration by Americans that they will deal with the southern nations on a basis of equality is offensive to Latin Americans, who fail to see the occasion or necessity for making explicit what they consider ought to be so natural as not even to be thought of.

To this resentment, which seems justified, must be added suspicions and fears as to the ulterior motives, and especially the possible consequences, of American benefactions; suspicions and fears which are unjustified in some particular instances, but which on general principles are warranted both by precedent and by the very nature of things. No one who knew President McKinley will suspect him of having planned the annexation of Cuba; nor will any one who knows President Wilson suspect him of plotting the alienation of Mexican territory. The nobleness and moderation of these men, their kindly spirit and their solicitude for the good name of their country and the welfare of its neighbors, place them above suspicion. Unfortunately, homely virtues like these are seldom known abroad; foreigners are too far to see them and make allowance for them; and so it is not surprising that McKinley's policy was ascribed to greed, and that Wilson's policy is ascribed to the same unworthy motive. Besides, Latin Americans feel and hold, not without reason, that there is danger in policies that so easily lend themselves to abuse; danger in opening to benefactors the door wherethrough despoilers may enter. Not all American presidents are like McKinley and Wilson. Some there have been and some there may be, less great, less forbearing and less scrupulous.

These apprehensions very much hinder the growth of all relations, among them commercial relations, between the United States and Latin America. If it is true that commercial intercourse brings nations and peoples closer together and strengthens their bonds of friendship, it is equally true that it may become one of the gravest sources of ill feeling and even actual hostility. Especially is this the case in countries where political disturbances and civil wars are frequent. Besides the real and supposed damages suffered by foreign business men, out of which grow many embarrassing claims, it is not rare for these men to render

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help to contending parties and warring factions, and afterwards shield themselves with their nationality and invoke the protection of their government. In some cases, as recently in Mexico, they make capital out of the misfortunes of the country, or, posing as victims, appeal to their government and fellow citizens to save them by invading and conquering the land whose breast they can no longer suck. There is much danger in all this. So long as the United States shows a readiness to intervene, if only as a spontaneous advisor, in the affairs of Latin America, there is reason to fear that it may sometimes be misled by its interested citizens, or induced by them to take unwelcome or even extreme measures. Such fear naturally makes Latin Americans loath to encourage a commercial preponderance that may end in political subjugation.

It is still a dogma of international law that, in certain circumstances, a government has a right, and is bound by duty, to protect its citizens in foreign countries. This dogma gives rise to many abuses, of which, as is natural, the victims are the weaker nations. There seems no ethical reason why a man who has renounced, if only temporarily, his native land to seek his fortune among strangers and share their opportunities should be exempt from the vicissitudes to which they are themselves subject. He may no doubt sometimes become an object of adverse discrimination; but that seldom happens without just cause, and the evil that may result from occasional unfairness is not so great as the evil that results from alien interference, which also is likely to be unfair. In order, however, to provide for possible injustice, an impartial tribunal of arbitration might be established. This simple plan seems commendable at once to reason, sentiment and expediency. Were it adopted, and did the United States adopt besides, absolutely and unconditionally, a policy of non-interference in the affairs of the Latin American republics, suspicion would gradually vanish, and friendship would grow and be lasting. While intervention, either by arms or in that form of coercion euphemistically called moral support, remains not only a constant possibility but a constant probability, there can be no sincere friendship. It is hardly necessary to state a fact so obvious.

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AMERICA PRODUCES A NOVELIST

H. L. MENCKEN

§ 1.

ALL the qualities that make the average American novel the sweet, caressing, gaudy thing it is are absent from *The Man of Promise,* by Willard Huntington Wright. I have searched it from end to end for any trace of what is called Optimism, and in vain. There is no mention in it of sex hygiene, the Biltmore roof, German spies, Palm Beach, Wall Street, or the *corps diplomatique.* The hero, though of agreeable physique and respectably dressed, bears no resemblance whatever to a Leyendecker collar model. He has no low, flashy racing-car to convey him upon his libidinous enterprises—nor, indeed, any other internal combustion vehicle—and never either makes or loses so much as a single dollar in the stock market. His polygamy is confined, over a stretch of nearly twenty-five years, to but four women, all of them unmarried when he meets them, and not one of them ever saves him from drink, or helps him to escape the police by hiding him in her bed-room, or gets him the secretaryship at Rome by making love to a United States Senator. His own conduct in matters of amour is singularly heretical. He never hugs any of his four loves in a taxicab after the opera, or drags any of them to a sinister road-house in Westchester, or addresses any of them in such terms as "You are like wine, little woman!" He is never wounded in France, or anywhere else, and thus lures none of the four into the Red Cross. He is never suspected of felony. He is never indicted or elected to office. He wins no prizes and makes no fortune. And as we leave him at last he is not rolling his eyes in ecstasy but grinning sardonically, and not heated up by love but cooled off. . . .

§ 2

In brief, a hero of quite unusual kidney, a hero almost unprecedented in latter-day American fiction. And in a book no less

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uncommon than he is—a book that challenges curiosity at the very start by appearing without the customary cigar-band slip-cover, and in cloth of a sombre maroon. (Even Dreiser's novels, remember, were bound by the intelligent Harpers in a figured cloth that might have made a Mother Hubbard for a char-woman.) And within? Within one finds, instead of the familiar journalese, a style that is careful, and graceful, and austere; and instead of the familiar looseness and incoherence, a delicate and accurate sense of form; and instead of the familiar prodigality of external action, an almost uninterrupted presentation of inward struggles; and instead of the familiar cheap mouthing of platitudes and imbecilities, an intelligible and interesting idea, competently worked out. The net result is a novel that, after the other fiction of the day, seems almost arctic in its restraint and aloofness, its elaborate avoidance of the maudlin, but that still leaves upon the mind an impression of curiously poignant drama, a conviction that something human and significant has been depicted in just the right way, a sense of genuine artistic achievement. There is, indeed, a touch of the Greek spirit in it. It is straightforward, clearly-designed, economical in its emotions, deft in its means. It makes its appeal, not to the tear ducts and the midriff, but to the centres of reflection, and they respond to it with a joyousness that is the product of long disuse. . . . Such novels are as rare in the United States as good music. They come but little oftener than the American symphony which so perversely never comes at all. Even when, as in this case, they fall a bit short of their apparent aim, they yet must give delight as evidences of a serious purpose that may yet bring in a great harvest, and that, in any case, is of value and dignity on its own account. Before fiction of the first rank may be written among us it must be tried again and again by men who are willing to fail. I think that Wright, barring Dreiser, has failed less than any other of the new generation. . . .

§ 3

The idea underlying the book is neither very startling nor very new, though its appearance in an American novel is both.

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You will find it in Nietzsche, and in Max Stirner before him, not to say in Arthur Schopenhauer. It is, in a few words, the idea that the influence of women upon a man of any intellectual enterprise and originality, far from being inspirational, as the ladies themselves would have us believe, is often cruelly hampering, and that in this business of holding him down what are conventionally called good women may be quite as potent and quite as relentless as what are conventionally called bad women. You will find the doctrine in *Menschliches allzu Menschliches,* § 431-434:

"The natural inclination of women to a quiet, uniform and peaceful existence operates adversely to the heroic impulse of the masculine free spirit. Without being aware of it, women act like a person who would remove stones from the path of a mineralogist, lest his feet should be bruised by them—forgetting entirely that he is faring forth for the very purpose of coming into contact with them. . . . The wives of men with lofty aspirations cannot resign themselves to seeing their husbands suffering, impoverished and slighted, even though it be apparent that this suffering proves, not only that its victim has chosen his attitude aright, but also that his aims, some day at least, are likely to be realized. . . . Women always intrigue in secret against the higher souls of their husbands. They seek to cheat the future for the sake of a painless and agreeable past. . . ."

Nietzsche, it would seem, here stopped at a half truth, and so fell into an uncharacteristic error. That is to say, he assumed that this conservatism of women was altruistic, that its object was the safety and comfort of the man. The truth is, of course, that it is far more easily explicable on selfish grounds, that it is easier to believe the woman seeking (perhaps unconsciously) her own comfort than to believe her seeking the man's comfort. *His* future is thus sacrificed to *her* past. . . . This, at all events, is what Wright is plainly saying in his book, and the fact fortunately frees him from the charge of standing wholly upon Nietzsche's shoulders—a charge of terrible deadliness in this year of Our Lord, with the pious of two hemispheres growing hysterical at the mere mention of the mad Prussian's name.

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§ 4

Wright's protagonist, a young American named Stanford West, is a fellow of inquiring habit and intellectual audacity—one who is moved by an obscure inner necessity, as Joseph Conrad calls it, to question some of the dearest axioms of his day and race, and one, moreover, with skill enough at the dialectic to do his questioning in a manner that commands attention. In brief, an inconoclast, a heretic, a revolutionist—but one whose fine frenzy is steadily choked out of him by women's arms. The business begins at college, where he rebels against academic stupidity and cowardice, thinking very well of himself for his courage. He expects, not unnaturally, a word of proud approval from home; it is his first battle, and he has done some very effective fighting. He is astounded to find that his mother is greatly grieved by the news, and that she regards him as disgraced, and herself no less. This is Lesson No. 1. Lesson No. 2 comes swiftly upon its heels. This time his enemy is his first mistress, a college charmer who flatters him vastly by publicly falling in love with him. He sees in her a sure refuge from contumely and misunderstanding; he finds in her only a new foe, for her demand that he be attentive stands immovably in the way of that indefatigable labor which alone can get him anywhere. Comes now mistress the second and Lesson No. 3. Her crude harrowing of his emotions—her introduction into his life of the grosser melodrama of love—reduces him to exhaustion, impotence and bewilderment.

Then comes his wife. Again the refuge that turns out a battle-field. She is his mother over again. She wants him to be famous, to bathe her in reflected glory, but she shrinks from all struggle. The first shock of his new offensive reduces her to puerile whining. He gives over his ideas, his aspirations, his life-work, and descends to facile novel-writing to soothe her vanity. Success of a sort comes to him; he becomes a well-known man; his wife basks in the glow of it. But the old inward urging still tortures him, and before his self-respect is all gone a chance of release seems to offer itself. He runs off with a woman who

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appears to be the rare miracle, the woman unlike all other women. But this delusion, of course, quickly yields up its kernel of bitter truth. The miracle is hocus-pocus; the immemorial arms are around his neck; he is dragged off his high horse once more. . . .

In the end it is his daughter who finishes him. In order that she may have her share of happiness in the world, he sacrifices his own. As we part from him he is a professor in a fresh-water college at home, the successor of his honored father, a safe and sane man at last! His wife triumphs in his salvation; he is her masterpiece, the supreme fruit of her love. She sees only the smug smirk of the convert in his smile of tragic irony. . . .

§ 5

As I have said, Wright has done his story with great painstaking, and it shows a symmetry and bears a polish that are very rare in American fiction, or, for that matter, in English fiction. John Galsworthy works in somewhat the same fashion, but there are important points of difference. For one thing, *The Man of Promise* is harder and more formal in structure than any novel of Galsworthy that comes to mind and for another thing it lacks Galsworthy's mellowness, his middle-aged toleration, his visible feeling that nothing really matters. Wright is a far younger man, and the fine fieriness of youth is still in him: he takes even a work of fiction seriously. There is, indeed, almost too harsh an earnestness in his book, and, by the same token, too meticulous a finish. As a document in psychology, it is too well-made, as the plays of Scribe were too well-made on the side of mere intrigue. One gets a sniff of the laboratory.

But this, after all, is a merit as well as a defect, for the thing that the current American novel most sorely needs, even above that uncompromising intellectual honesty which Dreiser is almost alone in showing, is a greater sense of logic in structure, a more careful thinking out, a better management of rhythm and organization. Our novels are too often mere collections of materials, ill-selected and wholly undigested. They aim in one

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direction and proceed in another; they are full of inconsistencies, impossibilities, absurdities; the impression they leave is vague and uncertain. Wright, with his constant interest in the problems of æsthetic form, has planned his book with much more care and skill. There is in it an unaccustomed air of the studied, of the sophisticated, of the well reasoned. As an essay in form, indeed, it is almost as interesting as it is as a social document. One might divide it into movements like a symphony, and give them the usual labels. First movement (*allegro*): West's first statements of his revolutionary creed, and his clashes with his mother and his two mistresses. Second movement (*adagio*): his marriage and the days of his weak surrender. Third movement (*scherzo*): his flight with Evelyn Naesmith, and the false renaissance of his soul. Finale (*moderato*): his disillusionment, his return to America, and his spiritual suicide. . . .

§ 6

After all, some such structure is probably hidden in all serious works of art, no matter what their medium. The symphonic (or, more accurately, sonata) form cannot be purely arbitrary. If it were, it would be holding up less vigorously after a century and a quarter. There must be some inner necessity for it in our method of receiving æsthetic sensations; it must have a reasonableness inherent in its very nature. Perhaps old Papa Haydn, in giving it to us, gave us something greater than we have ever suspected. Beethoven, at all events, felt that a symphony was something a good deal more alive, so to speak, than a mere collection of movements—that it had a definite and coherent personality. He conceived his works, indeed, as visible structures, almost with physical shape. Whether or not Mozart did the same we don't know, but there is surely something of the sort in the Jupiter symphony: to cut out twenty measures anywhere in it would be like cutting off an ear. One senses that profound design, too, in such works as *Germinal* and *The Titan:* every detail of their structure seems inevitable, unescapable. Even *Barry Lyndon* has it. It might be called, somewhat plausi-

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bly, Thackeray's *kleine sinfonie in F dur,* and like Beethoven's, it is one of his best. The defect in *The "Genius"* is simply that there is no design, that the moving point wanders out into space and is lost. The same thing is true of *McTeague*. . . .

A thorough inquiry into form in art awaits some venturesome psychologist. What is the psychological secret of the sonnet, of the Gothic arch, of the sonata form? So far as I know, no satisfactory answer has ever been made. . . .

§ 7

But in all this we are forgetting *The Man of Promise*. What remains to be said of it is brief. A first novel which suggests a first novel almost not at all, its defects are yet those inherent in the work of a beginning novelist. It is, as I have said before, just a shade too relentless and scientific in its manner; the author has hung to his text with a pertinacity which might have been relaxed now and then without loss. You will find the same fierce gusto in the earlier novels of George Moore, and even in those of his middle period. Moore is now rewriting them, conditioning them, mellowing them. Perhaps Wright, in twenty years, will do the same with *The Man of Promise*. But even as it stands, it is incomparably above the common run of fiction in English. It hangs together, it gets somewhere, it is an authentic work of art. The very excess of zeal in it makes for a subtle charm; it radiates a sort of eloquence. . . . Such novels are too rare among us to be passed over lightly. This one deserves all the praise it is getting from the discriminating. Even more, it deserves all the abuse it is getting from the stupid. . . .

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